(*Russell & Sons, photo, London, W.*

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,

Secretary of State for the Colonies

GOOD WORDS
IMPERIAL NUMBER
CHRISTMAS 1902

Greater Britain

A Bird's-Eye View

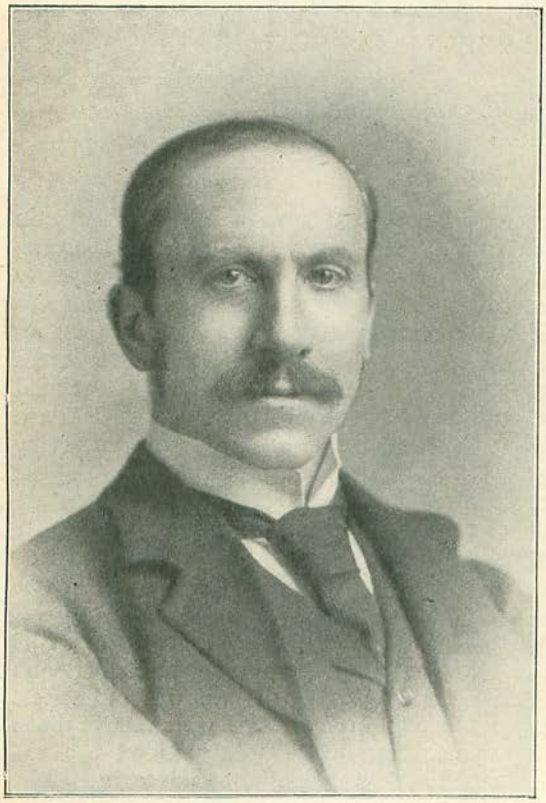
MORE than a year ago, as I walked in the streets of a New Zealand city, lavishly adorned in honour of the visit of those who are now the Prince and Princess of Wales, there came into view an arch with the legend, "Lands which Cæsar never saw own thy sway;" and, at the same moment, in a mood of apposite perversity, memory recalled a phrase of Tertullian which might well be the proudest boast of the British race. It was, *Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita.* The thought was probably due to reflection that the New Zealand legend was more grandiloquent than acute; for, of course, Cæsar's horizon was limited narrowly, and the orotund words might have been applied with perfect accuracy to Empires such as that of Spain in her most glorious days which would still seem inconsiderable compared to that of which King Edward VII. is the supreme head. But whatsoever may have been the reason why that grand phrase of Tertullian, which once heard can never be forgotten, flashed to memory, the course of thought which it set in motion was natural and irresistible.

I was at that time following in the train of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, who was engaged in a pilgrimage justly described by him as memorable. We had already landed at the fortress of Gibraltar, where the roar of artillery from the Rock and from a mighty fleet had doubtless reminded the Spaniards hard by of the bitter irony of their official saying that Gibraltar is "temporarily in the occupation of England." At Malta we had come into contact with another foreign race, a curious and an interesting one too, living under English rule. The Prince had landed formally in Egypt, thus making one exception to the rule that his feet must not be placed save on British soil; but British brains and honest British administration, which have been the making of Egypt, justified the exception. At Aden another fortress had been visited, and a polyglot, polychromatic people had professed their loyalty to the Throne.

Then had come a stage of the tour which stood out distinctly in memory, the stage which included Ceylon and Singapore. In Ceylon the noteworthy point had been the splendid and cordial loyalty of planters,

for whom life is often a bitter struggle, the genuine affection for British rule of native chiefs seeming to cherish no regrets for their ancient prerogatives, and of gentle Singhalese abundantly convinced that they are far better off under us than their fathers had been under their own kings.

In Singapore, again, there had been a strangely interesting combination of phenomena. There were Malays, naturally fierce, converted into orderly and willing subjects by the unostentatious devotion of a handful of Civil servants. There were Chinese, the backbone of the community, in all ranks, from the rich banker or merchant to the coughing and perspiring coolie who dragged the Englishman in his rickshaw; and these Chinese were living their own lives, in their own way, but, by the consent of all, they were genuinely proud of their status as British subjects. There were Germans, too, and other Europeans, trading prosperously under the British flag—"the old red rag," as it is fondly called—bound to us by no tie of sentiment perhaps, but rather by the enlightened self-interest which is as firm a bond as that of loyalty itself, even if it be less noble.



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)
Lord Milner

After this had come Australia, or some of it, intensely free and democratic, an Australia in which the black man survives only as an anthropological curiosity. Then, when I saw the legend which set me thinking, we were in New Zealand, again intensely free and democratic, but a New Zealand in which, thanks to enlightened policy, that fine race of the native Maoris lives on equal terms with whites, intermarries with them with excellent results, and is even increasing in numbers. From this we were to go, and we went, to Tasmania, where again the white man has made the natives as completely a thing of the past as that fierce creature the Tasmanian Devil itself, and to more States in Australia.

Next in the itinerary came Mauritius, where the bed of the British garrison is not one of roses, for neither the French creoles nor the French-speaking natives and half-breeds, often erroneously called creoles, have acquiesced heartily in British rule. After that followed a visit to Natal, the most loyal and self-sacrificing of Colonies, still suffering from the effects of the war which was drawing to a close, and to the Cape, the home of problems and difficulties which, in the strong hands of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, will doubtless be settled in due time. Here, too, was a new native difficulty, into which it would not be to the purpose to enter here.

After the Cape it was a case of Westward Ho! again, and at the end of the tour

came Canada, with its splendid resources, its inadequate population of true-born Britons (Britons whether they were born in Canada or at home), of French Canadians, whose loyalty is of so special a kind that it must be noticed later, and of American Indians, who are slowly passing out of existence. In fact, the only parts of the Empire that matter much to which the tour did not extend were India, with its huge agglomeration of subject-races ruled by a handful of Englishmen, the not too prosperous but reviving and intensely loyal West Indies, British Guiana, and Hong Kong, where, of course, some day, a critical time may come for all nations.

Inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita. These little islands, which could be submerged in a single Canadian lake, which could be lost in a single Australian State, have contrived to acquire and to keep an enormous share of the surface of the globe. They have kept, too, almost all that they ever possessed, with surprisingly little trouble. One great rebellion, indeed, sanctified by success, lost them the United States of America; one period of cruel anxiety there was during which it almost seemed that India might be lost. But, on the whole, the sons of Britain who have founded homes oversea have shown a wonderful loyalty to her, and an even more wonderful patience with her mistakes, and the black and brown and yellow men under her rule have been not strangely, but very thoroughly and naturally, quiescent under it. The man who could go on this Imperial Tour, seeing these things with his own eyes, and hearing them with his own ears, would indeed have been crass and dense, unworthy of his citizenship, if he had not reflected upon them and their meaning in the light of all the history he knew and all that he was able to read during long days at sea. Ours is, indeed, as a distinguished publicist of the United States said to me in Canada, a glorious heritage. The question how we have kept it, and what it shall become in our hands and its own, is of paramount interest.

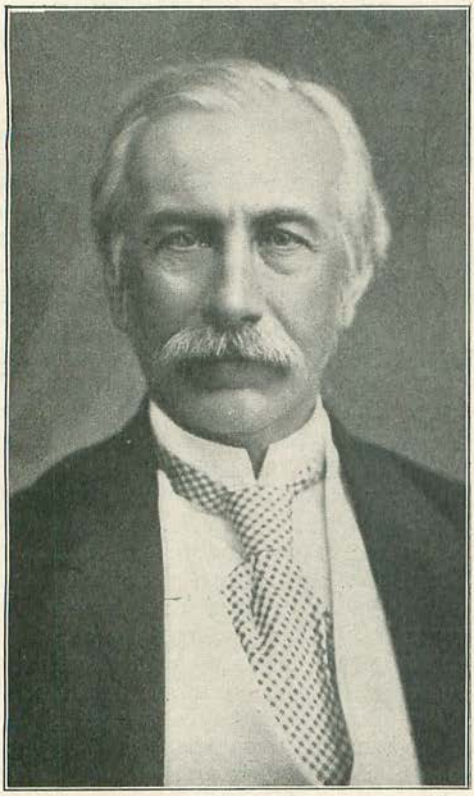
The Story of the Past

To one looking back upon the history of Colonial Administration, or maladministration, it does really almost seem as if the present extent and reality of the Empire must be the result of a miracle worked in our favour, or rather of a series of miracles. The wonder is not that we lost the fair and rich land which is now the United States, but that we did not long ago lose Canada, Australia and the Cape. Never was there phrase more true than that of Sir William Molesworth, one of the fathers of the new spirit in colonial affairs, that administration by the Colonial Office was "government by the misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant." The American colonists south of the Canadian border rebelled against misgovernment so flagrant and petty that it is impossible for any just man to blame them for it, although a patriotic Briton may none the less admire the Canadians who were faithful through good and evil report, and the loyalists farther south who adhered to our cause during the war, and after it was over shook the dust of the United States off their feet and found new homes for themselves under the British flag in New Brunswick. But, it must be repeated, the original rebellion was natural and justifiable; it was indeed the only action which any sane statesman could expect from those who at any rate believed themselves to be descended from men and women who had left Great Britain for conscience' sake.

The student may turn over the page of Colonial History where he will, and he will find the same blundering and exasperating spirit. Always the man on the spot, the Governor or Minister who is face to face with realities, is flouted, and the stupidity of the ignorant official at the Colonial Office prevails. Australia and Tasmania were "super-saturated with convicts"—the expressive word was used by a Governor in an official letter to the Colonial Office—and respectable emigrants were expected to acquiesce. The infamous Transportation system had

indeed a great deal to answer for. Said Sir William Molesworth in the House of Commons in 1849, in answer to Lord John Russell :

"The noble lord has described the Colonial Empire as a glorious inheritance, which we have received from our ancestors, and declared that he is determined at all hazads to maintain it for ever intact. Now, I ask him, how do we treat that precious inheritance ? By transportation we stock it with convicts ; we convert it



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)
Sir Bartle Frere

into the moral dungheap of Great Britain ; and we tell our colonists that thieves and felons are fit to be their associates. Is this the mode and manner to inspire the inhabitants of our Colonies with those feelings of affection and esteem for the mother country, without which our Colonial Empire must speedily crumble in the dust notwithstanding our numerous garrisons. . . .? I maintain that we have no moral right to relieve ourselves of our criminals at the expense of the Colonies, and that the desire to make a scapegoat of our Colonies, by whomsoever entertained, is a mean and selfish feeling, of which, as citizens of this great Empire, we ought to be ashamed."

This, be it observed again, was in 1849 only, not at some prehistoric date ; and now the Australians, many of them necessarily descended from convict ancestors, are what they are, as if they had been sent into the world on purpose to demonstrate the falsity of the doctrine of heredity. But the truth is, of course, that many of the convicts who went to Australia were guilty either of offences which would now be regarded as trivial, or of crimes such as poaching, which involved no moral obliquity worthy of mention.

About the same time there was trouble at the Cape, where an attempt to land a shipload of convicts from the *Neptune*, in the face of a promise by the Colonial Office not to do anything of the kind, produced something approaching to rebellion, and a system of boycotting so successfully applied that the unhappy convicts were taken on to Tasmania (then Van Diemen's Land), and dumped down in that unwilling island. There, too, there was angry protest, which was not wonderful, for whereas the population in 1837 was 42,800 only, convicts were imported at the rate of 4200 per annum during the five years of the Colonial Secretaryship of Lord Stanley, "the Rupert of debate."

But the transportation was not the only grievance under which the Colonies suffered ; and the men who saw matters in a true light had a bitter battle to fight. Nothing sadder, hardly anything more tragical in history is to be found than the fates of Bartle Frere and Lord Durham. Yet the former would have saved endless loss of blood and treasure in South Africa if he had been permitted, and the latter may fairly be called the Saviour of Canada,

—at any rate he was the man who stepped into the breach at a critical time, and braved obloquy and disgrace for the sake of the cause which he knew to be right.

Of the two men, perhaps, Bartle Frere was made of the sterner stuff. Sent out to South Africa, prematurely perhaps—but how can one say that when he never enjoyed a free hand ?—to effect federation under Imperial sovereignty, he went reluctantly, for his experience was Indian, not colonial. He found native rebellion in embryo, and he repeatedly warned the Colonal Office that it would have to be put down by force ; but, when the moment came for action, he was at one and the same time rebuked and entreated not to resign his office—rebuked in public and entreated privately by the same statesman. As his biographer says : "While in England Frere was being censured and vilified, in South Africa an overwhelming majority of the colonists, of whatever race or origin, were declaring in unmistakable terms that he had earned their warmest approbation and admiration. South Africa, Dutch and British, was with him almost to a man. His policy was acclaimed from Pretoria to Cape Town. Then, without a day's warning, he was superseded by Sir Henry Bulwer as High Commissioner at the very moment when the prospects of confederation were beginning to be bright." At the same time half the powers of the High Commissioner were entrusted to Sir Garnet Wolseley. It is clear from Frere's correspondence at this time that he regarded these things with grave apprehension, but he felt it to be his duty to stick to as much of his post as was left. In the settlement of Zululand innumerable mistakes were made ; the scheme, indeed, was never approved by any colonist of weight. Again, when Sir Garnet Wolseley went up to Pretoria, making many speeches in which he declared the Act of Annexation to be irrevocable, Frere saw that there was weakness somewhere, and wrote to Sir Michael Hicks Beach : "I am very certain that to give up the Transvaal is as little to be thought of as surrendering Ireland or India." Why go on with the sad story ? Frere was to find in the long run, as gallant Sir Harry Smith had found before him, that there was no limit to the possibilities of vacillation at home, that his work was to be taken away from him when it was half done, and that what had been done was to be undone. He returned, summarily recalled from home, leaving the Cape amid such unanimity of popular esteem as has seldom been given to a strong man in his downfall.

His policy would have saved two South African wars. The abandonment of the policy was a mistake of incalculable gravity. His friends never lost faith in him ; he himself was confident, and with justice, that the day would come when his countrymen would reverse their judgment ; but he felt his disgrace acutely, and, if Baron Hübner was not entirely accurate in saying that he died of a broken heart, he was certainly not far from the mark.

Such was the manner in which the Colonial Office, and the ignorant public, treated the man who would fain have guided us aright in South Africa ; and the story of Lord Durham and Canada is every whit as provocative of righteous if unavailing anger. Canada, in 1838, when the Canadian Constitution was suspended and Lord Durham was appointed Lord High Commissioner and Governor - General with extraordinary powers, was in a thoroughly unsatisfactory and even dangerous state. The story of Lord Durham's success and failure is admirably summarised by Mrs. Fawcett ("Life of Sir William Molesworth," Macmillan, 1902): "Success, brilliant and lasting for Canada and for the Colonial Empire of Great Britain ; failure, official disgrace and death from a broken heart for the High Commissioner, abandoned and betrayed by the men who ought to have supported him at home." But (a very large "but"), "Lord Durham's report is justly looked upon as a charter of Colonial Freedom ; it sounded almost for the first time in high places the note of Imperial Responsibility and Imperial

Unity." Nothing more scathing was ever said to any Government than in these words of Sir William Molesworth: "In proportion as Lord Durham was independent of the control of the Colonial Office, or even of Her Majesty's Government, in exactly the same ratio would a probability of a successful termination of these affairs increase."

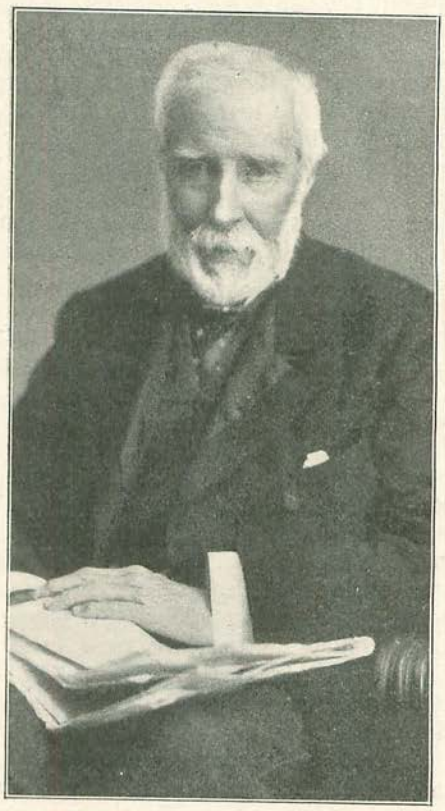
No, the old policy of the Colonial Office was unutterably bad. The reversal of it was the work of Sir William Molesworth, himself a practical coloniser, of Lord Durham, of Charles Buller, of Edward Wakefield, and a few others. Perhaps the best, certainly a very interesting, account of their noble work for the British Empire is to be found in the excellent book by Mrs. Fawcett to which reference has been made already. Of the whole group, Wakefield was perhaps the most remarkable. His "gamut of experience ranged from the life of an attaché to the British Embassies at Paris and Turin, to that of a prisoner in Lancaster Castle." The imprisonment, it must be admitted, was well earned, for he had abducted a young woman of position and had induced her to marry him by false pretences. But the period of Wakefield's imprisonment was certainly spent for the benefit of humanity. In prison he was permitted to write, or he succeeded in writing, two books of remarkable influence, "The Punishment of Death" and "A Letter from Sydney," of which the second only concerns us. It appears that, when he was committed to gaol, Wakefield believed that life would be impossible for him in future in England. He therefore made an exact study of literature concerning the Australasian Colonies; and the result was the "Letter from Sydney," which was signed with the name Robert Gouger. So intimate was the knowledge of colonial life displayed, so acute were the suggestions made, that everybody supposed the work to have come from the hand of a true colonist. As a matter of fact it came from the brain of a prisoner in Lancaster Castle, and it contained the germ of our colonial system, locally considered. "The main features of this scheme was that the Government of each colony should assume possession of all unoccupied land, and should gradually sell it in small lots at a fairly high price; that the fund thus brought into existence should be used to promote emigration; that emigrants should be carefully selected, a preference being given to the young; that an equal number of both sexes should be sent out, and that the general body of emigrants should be representative of all classes and of a great variety of occupations." Strange indeed was it, and grand in its way, that so complete a scheme should come, and should be able to come, from the brain of a prisoner!

But Wakefield was not destined to find himself an exile on his release from imprisonment. His crime had been adventurous rather than sordid, and he found many men, including Buller, J. S. Mill and Rintoul, the editor of the *Spectator*, to back him in founding the Colonisation Society in 1830. Molesworth, who was but twenty years old in 1830, did not join him until later. But it is significant of the feeling of the age that Molesworth was Chairman of the Select Committee to inquire into Transportation which was appointed in 1837. Youth was not despised in those days. It was well indeed that this should be, for all the men who worked for the freedom and advancement of the Colonies died young, and their influence was felt long after they had left the world. Transportation was not finally abolished, its last stronghold was in Western Australia, until 1867. That was twelve years after Molesworth's death, thirty years after the appointment of his Committee. So slowly do the mills of Government move; and that in spite of the fact that the Rev. John Clay could write justly, "Probably no volume was ever published in England of which the contents were so loathsome as the Appendix to the Committee's Report." Again, "Altogether it may be doubted whether in any community that ever existed the bestial and devilish elements of humanity were ever so fearfully de-

veloped as in the Transportation colonies. One people there once was which might have vied with our Australian progeny, and that people God expunged from the earth with fire and brimstone." Not less urgent were the efforts of Dr. Ullathorne, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Birmingham, who had spent much of his early life in New South Wales, and of Archbishop Whately, who wrote a noble letter on the subject.

Mainly through the efforts of those who have been named Transportation died, although it died hard; but we must remember, in criticising its supporters, amongst whom Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) and Sir George Grey were reckoned, that it perished in the British Empire first, and that it still survives elsewhere. But Wakefield's work did not end with the abolition of "the accursed thing." With Molesworth and Buller he helped to found the South Australia Association in 1834, and the New Zealand Association in 1837; and in their movement they had the support of the Duke of Wellington, whose name is commemorated in the capital of New Zealand. The band of reformers was not, as too many reformers have been, content simply to attack the giant of evil; they strained every nerve, they spent much money and even more energy, in establishing the good in the place of the evil. If Australia and New Zealand should desire to formulate a lay Saints' Calendar, the names of Arthur Duke of Wellington, William Molesworth, Charles Buller, Torrens, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield would be inscribed upon it in conspicuous letters. Moreover, Wakefield, after he had done noble work elsewhere, himself proceeded to New Zealand in 1852, and, with Lord Lyttelton, founded the Church of England community at Canterbury.

But there was other work to be done first. Brief reference has already been made to Lord Durham's splendid work, achieved at so great a cost, in Canada. "I expected," he wrote in his famous Report, "to find a contest between a Government and a people—I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single State. I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races; and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or institutions until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosiy that now separates the



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)
Sir George Grey

inhabitants of Lower Canada into hostile divisions of French and English." Incidentally Mrs. Fawcett suggests that these words, and our knowledge of Canada as it is, strengthen the hope that good government and free institutions will in due time produce an effect equally beneficial in South Africa. More to our immediate purpose, however, is it to note that Buller as Secretary, and Wakefield in an unofficial capacity—Lord Melbourne would not permit him to be appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands—accom-

panied Lord Durham to Canada. Then came the famous Report of which it was said epigrammatically "Wakefield thought it, Buller wrote it, Durham signed it." That, Mrs. Fawcett thinks, was to underestimate Lord Durham's share in the matter; and, after all, point is considered more than accuracy in the making of epigrams, which is the reason why they mislead. Still, Dr. Garnett, no rash writer, who has written a summary of Wakefield's life as well as a longer book, commits himself to the sentence, "The famous Durham Report, the charter of colonial self-government, though principally written by Charles Buller, was mainly inspired by Wakefield;" and Dr. Garnett concludes his summary thus: "When every deduction has been made, it remains indisputably true that no colonial statesman of his time rivalled him in insight and genius; and that England owes to him one of her noblest Colonies and many of the principles which guide the administration of them all." That, surely, might be a proud inscription to be made on the tomb of one who spent three years of his life in prison, and deserved to spend them there.

"The Charter of Colonial Self-government"—that is a great phrase, and it remains, so far as this division of the subject goes, only to outline the principles which the founders of national administration of the Colonies believed in so strongly that they compelled their general acceptance. Transportation apart—that was an outrage—they held that free institutions were the inalienable right of every man of British blood, perhaps of every white man, in a colony as at home. They believed that the local legislatures ought to have exclusive control over local affairs; they had faith in "a system of States clustered round the hereditary monarchy of *England*." The word is retained because Sir William Molesworth, himself partly of Scottish extraction, used it so in the House of Commons in 1850, when he was advocating a Bill designed to confer self-government on South Australia and Van Diemen's Land. In a quotation of this kind it would be wrong to make alterations even for the satisfaction of sensitive Scots or Irishmen. They may readily understand his meaning, they will know he intended no slight upon them, and in the light of recent events they will recognise the truth of his prophecy of April 1851, that the Colonies, justly governed on his principles, "would gladly and willingly come to the aid of the mother-country in any just and necessary war . . . will be bound to Great Britain by the strong ties of language, race, interest, and affection." But it is hard, indeed, to realise the courage which was needed to make that prophecy in days when Disraeli could write, "These wretched Colonies will be independent in a few years and are millstones round our necks;" when Mr. Bright thought we ought to give up Malta and Gibraltar; when Lord Aberdeen said, "Malta we cannot do without, but I wish we were well rid of Gibraltar"; when Bentham wrote his famous pamphlet, "Emancipate your Colonies." These things are recalled not in any spirit of bitterness, for all these errors of judgment were committed in good faith, but to show how deep is the debt which this generation, at home and in the Colonies, owes to a small body of earnest and long-sighted politicians.

The Empire of the Present and Future

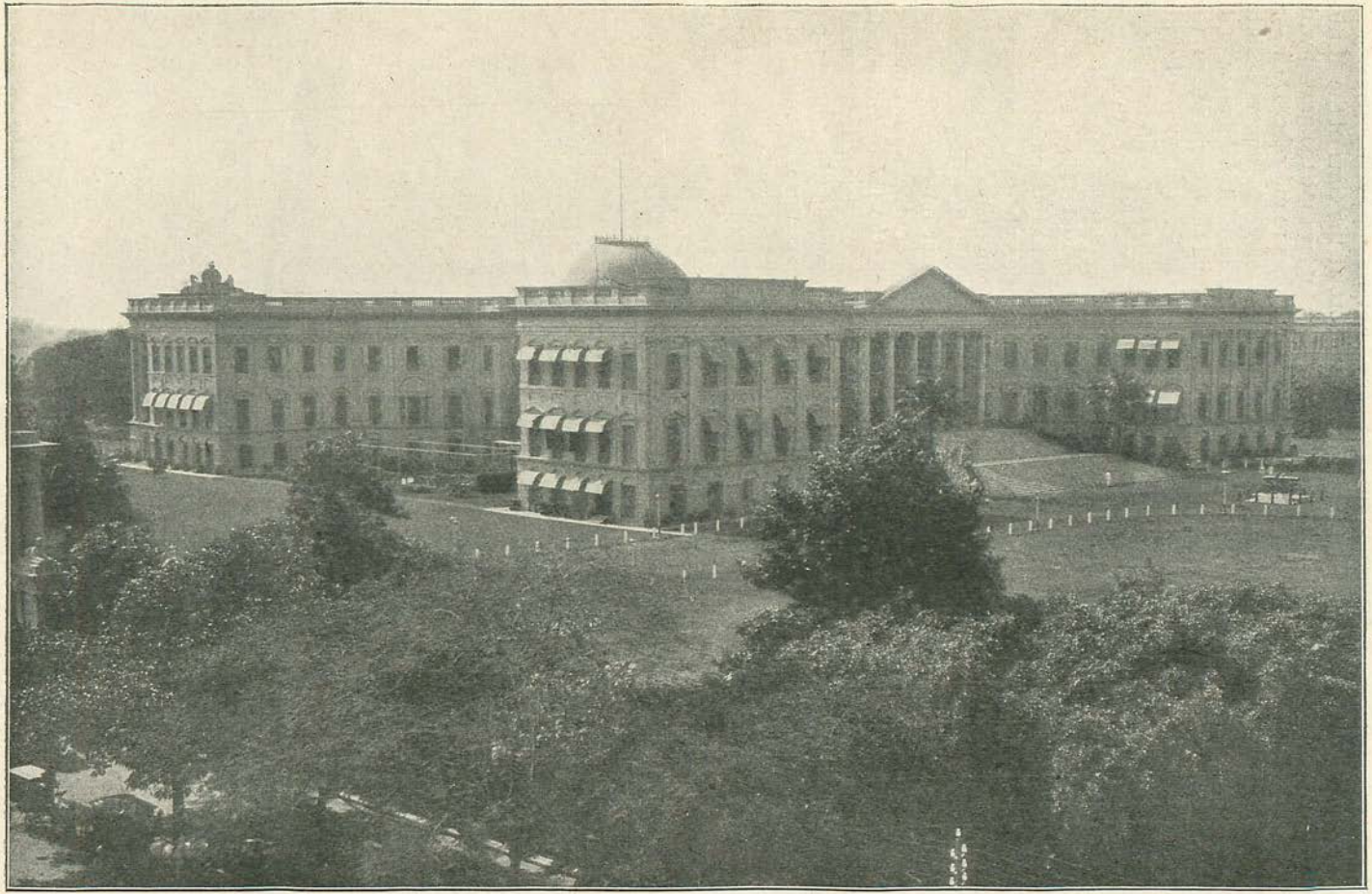
In beginning to deal with this section of the subject it may not be amiss to open with a confession of failure. Not once or twice has the writer endeavoured to classify the constituent parts of the Empire into divisions, territorially and on the basis of race and colour, but the pity of it is that they will persist in overlapping. There, on the one hand, is India with its teeming millions of many classes and innumerable religions, governed, on the whole, wisely and well, by a small body of specially trained civil servants, garrisoned by soldiers of British blood, who have trained thousands of coloured soldiers of many races to be loyal and efficient servants of the Crown. There is British Africa, where it is substantially

accurate to say that the blacks are of but one class, and that the lowest, where the problem is also complicated by the existence of Dutch disaffection. There are Australia and Canada, where the natives, so to speak, do not count. There is New Zealand, where the Maoris, whom gallant and misunderstood Sir George Grey fought and befriended, are, through the policy initiated by him, a valuable asset of Empire. It is clear that the principles advocated by the saviours of Colonial Empire do not apply at all to some of these countries, and that where they do apply they are applicable in various degrees. Let us, then, not fall into the danger of being misled by the fascination of formal method, lest, in the desire to classify, we neglect essential distinctions, allowing matter to yield to form. Let us rather be content to accept the distribution made for us by geography, and to consider what the present state, the value and the potentialities are of the various parts of the Empire, or the chief parts of the Empire, as it lies distributed over the globe; but let us pay most attention to those parts which are self-governing or capable of self-government. Also, by way of clearing the way to this topic of principal interest, let us dispose of India, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements as quickly as possible.

India

Here little shall be written, not because there is not abundance to be said, but because the whole space allotted for this article would not suffice to touch upon the myriad questions which are involved. Time was when a "Perish India" school flourished, but its voice is not heard now. To say that India is ours by right of conquest is but half a truth. Indeed it is doubtfully true at all; for, although Indian history's pages are hallowed by the names of countless heroes of British blood, every step of conquest which they made in India was with the aid of natives of the land. It was Britain's enterprising commerce which won a foothold at the outset; and, though we may have seemed to buy Empire anew by tremendous military effort at the time of the Mutiny, we must not forget that the graves which strewed the ridges round rebel Delhi—the Imperial Delhi of next January's stately function—were less often filled with the bodies of our fighting countrymen than with those of faithful natives of India, who fought with us to regain for England the Empire that, without their superb courage and sorely-tried devotion, might have been lost for ever. Let those Britons who attend the splendid pageants which Lord Curzon has appropriately ordained to commemorate the coronation of all India's first Emperor, spend one quiet half-hour on that highest ridge outside Delhi, where the Mutiny memorial stands, and read the list of British dead and the longer list of their native comrades. Then, as is proper, let their hearts pulse with pride in the conquering valour of the British race; but let them not forget the courageous loyalty of the men who fought with us against heavy odds of their own colour and creed.

Nor, if we could claim full right of conquest in India, would this be our best title to hold it. We found it a land which was never all at peace, never reasonably free from battle, murder and sudden death, until we took it in charge. Now peace reigns from end to end, and every appliance is used to fight the awful battle against the forces of nature, which is an inseparable accident of existence in the East. Our Indian fellow-subjects have their own press, they plead in our courts of law, their laws and religions are respected, their customs are allowed to continue, their stake in trade is more than considerable, they enjoy representative municipal government; and no civil or judicial office is closed to them. To men of the fighting races, breeds of warriors who know no fear of death, our military service is open; and, if we stay their advancement to the higher ranks, it is only to avoid a repetition of that mistake of over-confidence which was the prelude to, and more than half the cause of, the Mutiny.



Parliament House, Calcutta

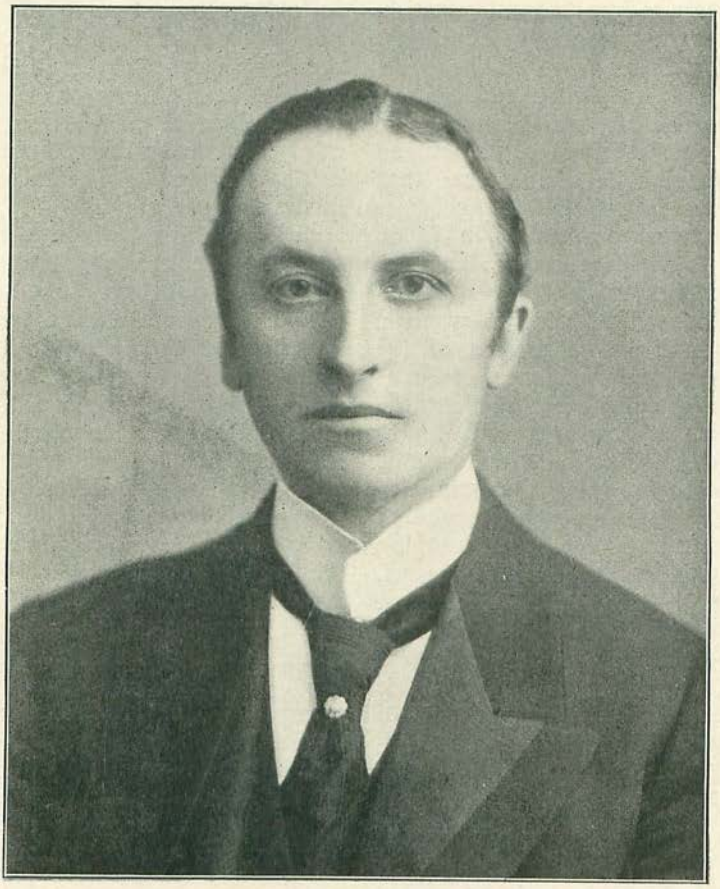
No wise man fully trusts that which he does not understand; and to think one understands the natives of India is the habitual mistake of the unintelligent. A veil is over them, their inner lives, their most sacred feelings. How can a man of European blood understand the nature of one who serves him faithfully, within certain limits prescribed by traditional custom, yet despises him at the same moment? And it is just because the wisest men, who have known India long, recognise their inability to understand the true nature of the native races, that they are united in opposition to schemes for representative government in India. Thoughtless and enthusiastic men of the type immortalised in "Pagett M.P." are incapable of realising how little they understand the sentiments of the native races. They find men of great intellectual accomplishment and culture, on the surface at any rate, full of professions of friendliness, and they assume, naturally perhaps, that a community composed of such men must be capable of self-government. They know nothing of the divisions between races and castes, the traditions and the mental habits born of centuries of subservience. They forget that side by side in India, under firm British rule, there dwell in peace fierce fighting races whose traditions are all of conquest and bloodshed, and soft cowardly races which are accustomed to be ruled. They forget, too, that under British rule the high caste families of conquering lineage submit to equality before the law with the low-born hordes whom they despise. Yet it is from the soft and cowardly races and the lower breeds that arise most readily those glib-tongued demagogues and pushful students who would come to the front if representative government were granted. And who could answer for the peace of India then?

Besides, to put the matter on its lowest plane, of profit to ourselves; though it is true that we take no tribute from India, it is something to have an outlet for our surplus population of what may be described as the professional class, and India is the very best of military schools. Our islands are crowded; the avenues to the professions are sufficiently blocked; and of professional men, doctors, lawyers, engineers and the like, there is an ample supply in the English-speaking Colonies. In taking these off our hands during their years of stress and struggle, and returning them as pensioned experts and authorities, India is doing to us, as a community, valuable service. But the greatest value to us of India lies in the added weight which its possession gives to the voice of Britain in the councils of the world, in the great addition which it makes to our military strength, free of charge to us. How should we train and pay the scores of British regiments that India entertains, and where should we find the splendid native troops that are always keen for our service in any corner of the world?

If we take a higher moral ground, and consider only India's interests, can it be urged that she is the loser by her connection with Britain? Far otherwise. She is kept at peace, whereas in days gone by the land was always war-worn. She is governed in the interests of the people, instead of in the interests of changing rulers. The poorest of the people obtain equal justice, and that was a boon never dreamed of under native rulers. The administration is excellent, the executive incorruptible. Her princes are now, for the first time in her history, united in loyalty and devotion to the central power, which they would certainly not be if anything so totally opposed to their traditions and customs as representative government were granted; while the mass of her peoples, so far as they have given thought to the matter at all, are well aware that they are better off under British rule than they could be under any other government. To have produced this state of things in India is one of Great Britain's proudest achievements. The steps in the process are pages of glorious history; and on the last of them it is written that we are in a position of responsibility from which we could by no

means withdraw without losing our position as a nation and ruining the Empire that we have in charge. As for representative government, it would be resented and resisted by the princes, not in the least understood by the mass of the peoples, welcomed, perhaps, by a few self-seeking baboos, who would see in it a chance of personal advancement; and it would wreck India in a very short time.

India, in a word, requires to be governed firmly and well, by the duly appointed Government on the spot, with as little interference as may be on the part of the Department of State at home, although obviously the reasons against interference are not so great as in the case of a self-governing colony. But it is in harmony with Indian traditions—and they are of extraordinary permanence—that one supreme and unquestionable head, the apostolic successor, so to speak, of the Emperors of days gone by, should crown the whole edifice of government. Disraeli may have failed, early in his career, to realise the ideal of a Colonial Empire, but in the matter of securing for the late Queen Victoria the title of Empress of India he had an unquestionable flash of political inspiration. Himself of Oriental



(Bassano, photo, London, W.)

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India

descent, he perceived, by intuition as it were, the necessity of placing before Oriental eyes an outward and visible sign of the Imperial idea, which is the only idea of government that really appeals to the Eastern mind, and he saw that this sign must be a gorgeous one. How valuable that move of Disraeli was, scoffed at though it was by those who had never been east of Suez and could not imagine the conditions of Indian life, has been plain from recent events. Lord Curzon, a Viceroy comparable to Lord Mayo and the late Lord Dufferin in point of political sagacity, appreciating, like Lord Lytton, the value of pomp, is known to have expressed the view that it would be of priceless value if the King himself could by any means have attended the Durbar. This is not written by way of suggestion that it has been in any sense remiss of his Majesty not to be present at the Durbar in person. There are, indeed, many reasons why it was better for him not to go, of which the chief is that his people want him at home, and his Ministers need him also; though it may be suspected that, if personal wishes alone had been in question, the King, who rightly values Royal Pomp for its effect upon the popular mind, would have been willing to take the leading part in this ceremonial of unexampled splendour. But the language which has been used has been employed designedly to show that Lord Curzon, who knew the East well as a travelling Englishman before he accepted the Viceroyalty of India, who has acquitted himself in that high office with conspicuous ability and dignity, thoroughly realised how important to the Eastern mind it was that there should be a signal and personal manifestation of the Imperial idea. Substitute, since substitute there had to be, there could be none better than the Duke of Connaught, unless indeed it were the Prince of Wales. But the Prince of Wales did enough for his country and for ours last year. Nor, probably, to the Eastern idea is there much difference in point of importance between the Emperor's brother and his heir. In the royal families which the East knows best, uncles have a short way with nephews when the succession appears to be vacant.

Such, then, is India: a school of diplomatists and of statesmen, amongst whom Lord Mayo, Lord Lytton, the late Lord Dufferin, and the present Viceroy rank high; of great captains, for it gave us the Duke of Wellington and Lord Roberts; of military training generally, for to it we owe the seasoned troops and tried officers that uphold our Empire's honour in every corner of the world to-day. Also it is a place of honourable employment for thousands of honest Englishmen; and the justification of our possession of it is to be found in the happiness of the people. It is a happiness not complete perhaps, for India is subject to pestilence and famine, as well as to political agitation and grinding poverty. But it is a happiness far greater, or shall we say a misery far less, than was known in the days preceding English rule. As India is, so, in all probability, she is destined to remain, even if there should be some day that oft-threatened invasion from the North, the possibility of which it were idle to ignore, although there is no reason to believe that it would be successful. But here we have reached the boundary-line of the present survey.

Ceylon and Singapore

Ceylon is lovely beyond expression; the train journey to Kandy and the ancient capital itself are indeed among the most beautiful things on earth. The Singhalese, who are very gentle and pleasant in their manner, and almost distressingly anxious to oblige, are decently industrious and as easy to govern as Sidney declared the Irish to be in the time of Elizabeth. The chiefs or headmen are strange to look upon in their finest attire, since that chief is accounted most honourable who can wrap the greatest number of yards of silk round his waist, so that the so-called waist projects twelve inches or more beyond the brawny body above, to say nothing of the spindle shanks below. But, quaint as

they are, they are loyal also, and, under British direction and limitations, they govern their tribesmen fairly well. In fact, in Ceylon every prospect pleases, especially that of Paradenya (Botanical Gardens more luxuriant tenfold than any hothouse, on the scale of a park, with a background of majestic mountains), and man, save perhaps from the ultra-missionary point of view, is by no means particularly vile. The people are for the most part Buddhists, a nice quiet religion; and the planters, albeit apt to break out into somewhat excessive rejoicing when they find themselves at Kandy or Colombo for a few days, and relieved from the monotony of plantation life, are a splendidly patriotic body. They volunteered merrily during the late war; they did good service in it; and they were heartily thanked by the Duke of York (now the Prince of Wales) for their conduct, in a speech made on the lawn of Government House at Kandy. And those same planters are the more to be commended for their patriotism in that their lots of late have not been cast in pleasant and easy places. Coffee-planting is not what it was, and even the tea-planting, which was courageously introduced in its place, has not been an undiluted success; but the planters stick to their work bravely, and the Prince of Wales made sympathetic allusion in one of his many speeches not only to their patriotism, but also to their courage, pertinacity, and resourcefulness.

Perhaps one word of warning to those who have thoughts of adopting the planter's life in Ceylon may not be out of place. Financially it has no great attractions. The profits, such as they are, are mostly made by planters on a large scale, general merchants in England, who grow the tea, sell it wholesale, sell it retail and are able to do things magnificently. Relaxation in the way of sport is not entirely wanting. But the climate is enervating, the monotony and solitude of the planter's life are very trying, and the temptations to drown sorrow are more than considerable. Your Ceylon planter needs to be a man of exceptionally strong character, unless he is to yield to the insidious attractions of strong drink in excess.

Singapore and the Straits Settlements

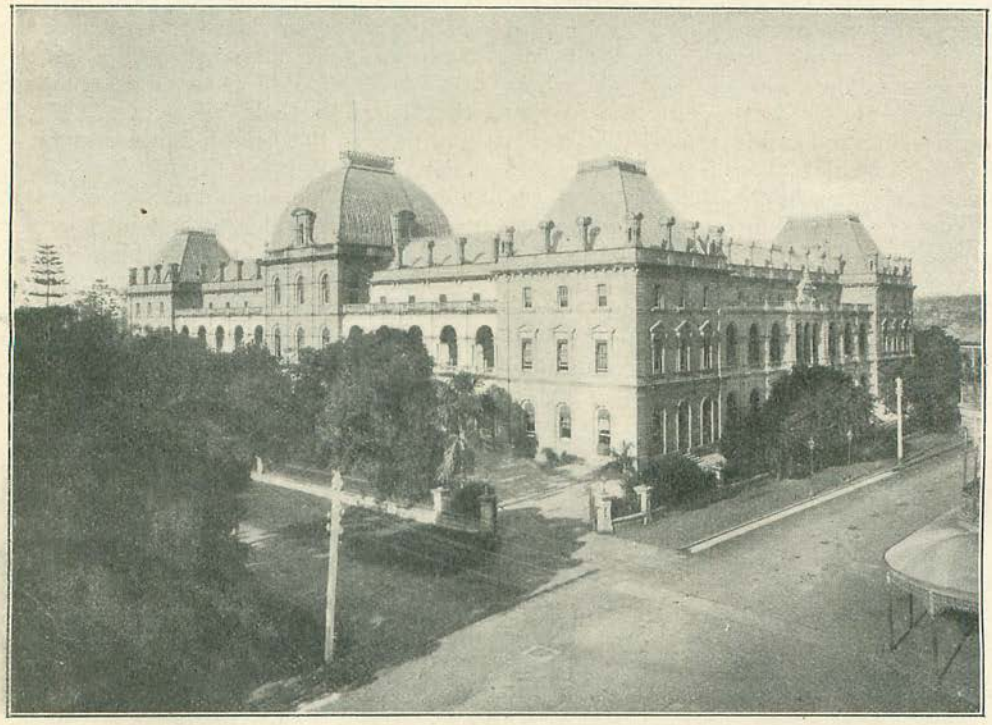
Here we come to the last, and in some ways the most interesting, of the purely Oriental communities in the British dominions visited by the Prince of Wales. Thirty years have seen a miracle worked in the Malay Peninsula. Without the employment of any large military force, as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace has pointed out ("The Web of Empire," Macmillan, 1902), a warlike people, and a roadless, jungle-covered country, have been brought under civilised administration. 2000 miles of roads, 1000 miles of telegraph-wire, and more than 200 miles of railway, are exercising their civilising influence. Even the fierce Malay goes about unarmed, and many Malays of high class hold important office. The quiet and unostentatious way in which this miracle has been worked, the tact that has been displayed by the brave and able men to whom the result is due, have hardly received adequate acknowledgment at home, except on the rare occasions when, as once at Perak, a Sultan has proved faithless and a devoted Resident has been assassinated. But of the fruit of the labours of these hard-working and resolute officers there is no kind of doubt. In the Malay population we have a people loyal to our rule because it pays them. It gives to the high-class Malays a definite share in office and government, which they appreciate highly; it gives to those of lower grades rights in property, in their own labour, in their wives and children, to which they were complete strangers under their sometime rulers. I had an opportunity of personal conversation, in April of 1901, with many of the men who had done the work. They did not boast of it—that is not the Englishman's way—but it was clear that the effect was of an abiding character. Industrious, or prominent in commerce, the indolent Malay will never be; but he is

a first-rate fighting-man, and may legitimately be classed as such.

Then, again, in Singapore are Hindus and numerous Chinese. The former are simply hewers of wood and drawers of water, to speak figuratively. Of the latter, an officer who has seen the whole progress of civilisation in the Malay Peninsula, used some remarkable words to Sir Donald Wallace : " They are the bone and sinew of the Malay States—the labourers, miners, shopkeepers, contractors, capitalists, holders of revenue farms, the contributors of nearly the whole of the revenue. . . . We never make friends with them, because they do not understand being treated as equals. But they are easily governed by a man of determination ; and they are intelligent enough to understand that, under a strong, just administration, they can make money, their great object in life. They naturally rallied, therefore, to the British officers, who were the representatives of order and good government." With all this I agree, adding only that, according to one authority, whom I trust, the Chinese of Singapore are honestly proud of their British citizenship as well as convinced that it is to their advantage. Not in any part of the British Empire known to me—I do not know Hong Kong—is the value of a Chinese community more conspicuously in evidence than in Singapore. Of the utility of a flourishing German community of merchants in the same place, from our point of view, there may be room for doubt. At any rate, they are living testimony to public confidence in the justice of British rule ; but one may be forgiven for wishing that British and not Germans were making the money which the latter are acquiring. In truth, the British community at Singapore needs,

Perth, Western Australia

perhaps more than the mercantile and industrial body at home, the injunction of the Prince of Wales to "Wake up!" lated impression of them all is one of a wonderful and magnificent demonstration of personal and corporate loyalty.



(*Wilson, photo, Aberdeen*)

Parliament Buildings, Brisbane

for it is to be feared that in Singapore we are falling behind in the race.

Take it for all in all, however, the process of civilising Malaya, begun really in 1874, which culminated in the formation of Malay Federation in 1896, has been an unqualified and surprising success.

Australia

I reached Australia two days before the day of the opening of the Federal Parliament at Melbourne by the Prince of Wales. I saw triumphal entries into many cities in many States, witnessed as many courtly ceremonies as could be borne, attended at a large number of reviews. None of these ceremonies, of course, was wanting in considerable significance and importance, and the accumu-

Indeed it may be as well to state here, once and for all, that the Royal pair won golden opinions; that their visit to Australia was an absolute success; that its memory will have a practical value for many a long day. His Royal Highness went straight to the hearts of Australian men. Amongst a race in which public speaking is an accomplishment that comes all too easily, he was admired for his more than considerable oratorical powers and for the statesmanlike care with which his speeches were prepared. Amongst a nation of horsemen he was recognised as a good rider. His powers with the gun, so far as there was an opportunity of using them, were certainly equal, probably superior, to those of any Australian born. His consort was imme-

diately beloved of all Australian mothers, and enthusiastically admired by all Australian men. All these things were good to see and to hear. They left no doubt that the patriotism which the youth of Australia had shown in volunteering for the South African War, which the other classes in Australia had made manifest in taxing themselves to that end, were real and vigorous. But they did not show the real Australia, although they did show a part of it.

I saw the cities too. Stately Melbourne, better laid out than any European city; Sydney, not so majestic, but at least equally prosperous; Adelaide (which was nearly called Wellington, to celebrate the aid which the great Duke gave to colonial freedom), recalling Melbourne in its orderly design; semi-tropical Brisbane; Ballarat, once the most famous gold-reef city in the world, and a matchless demonstration in architecture of municipal public spirit; Perth, nestling on the edge of the sunny lagoon of the Swan River; Albany, with its splendid harbour, which seems to have been deserted for no particular reason; Coolgardie, which rushed up like a rocket and almost fell down like the rocket's stick; Kalgoorlie, which has grown in

(*Newman, photo, Sydney*)

Right Hon. Sir E. Barton, Federal Premier

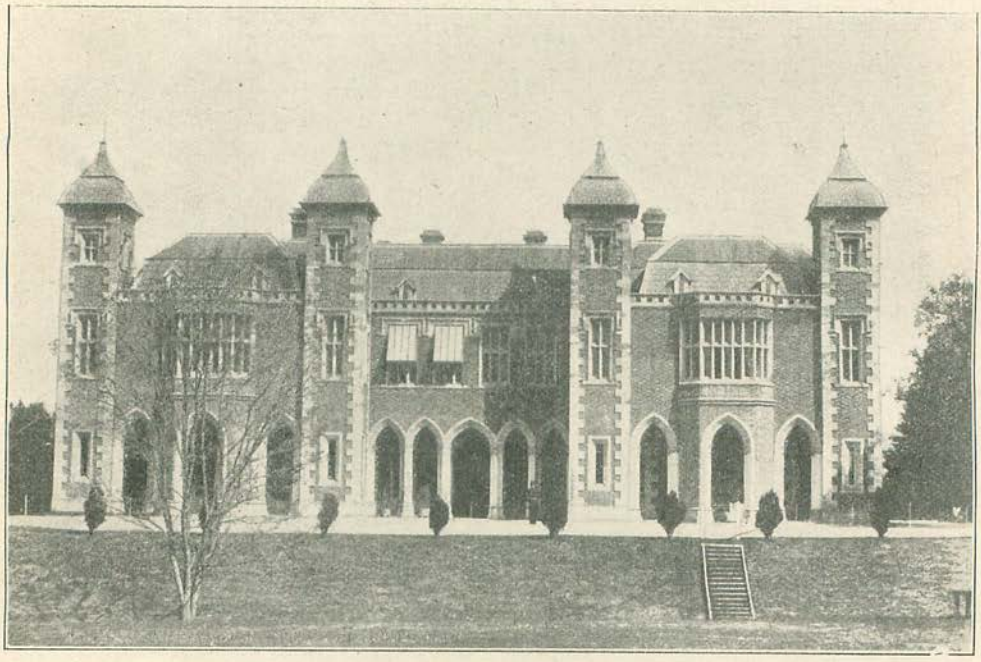
Australian Wool—Merino Sheep

Australian Wool—Going to Market

the red desert into a well-equipped city in six years, almost as rapidly as a mushroom in a pasture, although it is probably not destined to match the mushroom in its brevity of existence. Here let it be said in passing, that, apart from questions of over-capitalisation, gold-mining at Kalgoorlie is an honest enterprise, carried on with the best apparatus, and that it is not safe to mention the London Stock Exchange or Company Promoter to the official of a Kalgoorlie mine.

I had also the great privilege of spending four never-to-be-forgotten days as the guest of a pastoralist or "squatter" in the heart of New South Wales.

That pastoralist's home is worthy of a momentary pause. 313,000 acres of land, much of it cleared, or in process of clearing; 200,000 merino sheep; 10,000 horned cattle; 1000 horses—those are the figures. In the centre of them imagine a house, English in point of comfort, colonial in point of hospitality; picture also the pastoralist himself, of pure English descent—his ancestor was a naval officer who came to New South Wales in the *Sirius*—mother and daughters, who were simply English ladies in Australia; two sons at home, past-masters of horsemanship and every kind of sport, but keen and practical participators with their own hands in the operations of the huge estate. A third son was fighting our battles in South Africa. This was Australian life at its best, and the reference to it, which is in truth a digression made in pure self-indulgence, may be useful because it is well to make known the best side of up-country life, and because it brought me to one of the principal difficulties of the Australian Commonwealth. To the "new chum" it was entirely delightful to escape from the roar of cities and the blaze of pageantry to an English home, almost "a haunt of ancient peace," in the midst of a really trackless wilderness of pasture and gum-



Government House, Perth, Western Australia

trees. Very pleasant, too, was it to see refinement and industry go hand in hand, to watch a muster of 10,000 merino sheep, a quivering sea of priceless wool, to look on at the branding and "cutting out" of cattle—the former process needs a strong stomach—to be driven across country, over logs and between trees, up and down gullies, by a four-in-hand driver who, for sheer efficiency, would put a member of the Coaching Club to shame. Sweet, too, in memory is an afternoon spent among the wallabies, and another amongst hares and kangaroo rats.

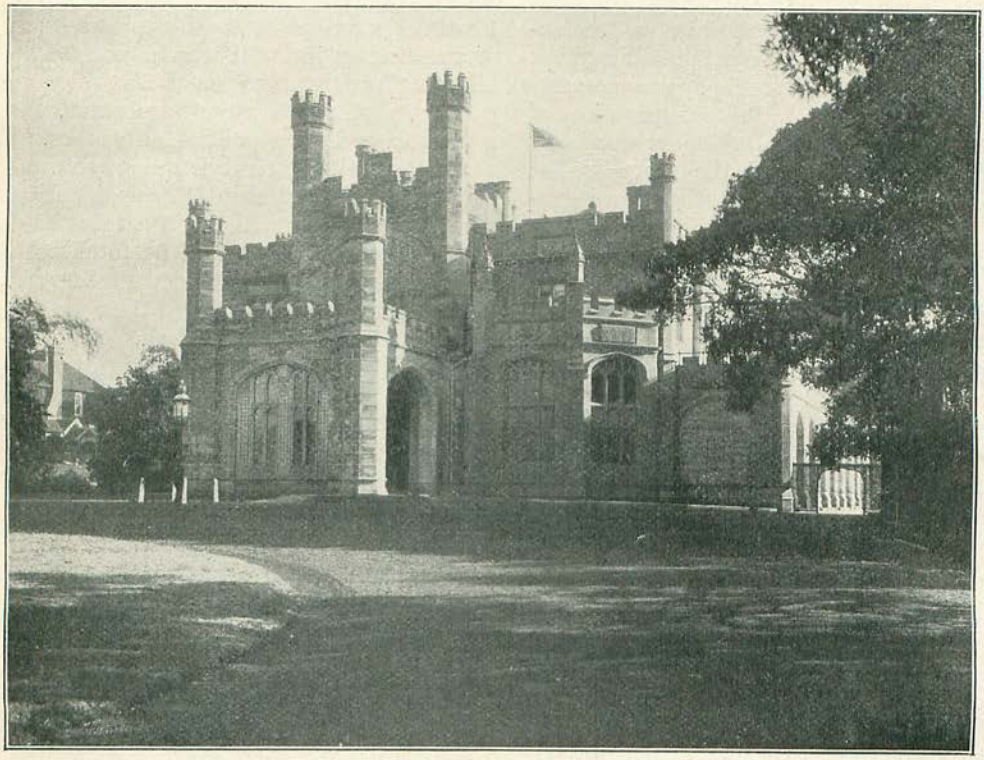
But, through all the delights of those brief holidays from pageantry, of that interlude in ceremony, ran a melancholy and persistent reflection. Frequent droughts notwithstanding, the country was splendid and full of promise of reward for labour. But men were few and far between, and the story is the same all over Australia. Cities are congested, the country is desolate. On the face of all the vast continent of Australia there are less than 4,000,000 people, and very nearly half of them are concentrated in the capitals of the various States, to say nothing of the minor cities and the mining communities. For the last-named agglomeration of people there is an excuse in economics; they cluster round an industry; for the first named there is next to no excuse, for the Australian capitals are not industrial centres to any considerable extent. Their business is that of middlemen to the producers in the back-country, and these producers are not nearly numerous enough. A very serious matter, too, is that the rate of the natural increase of the population in the cities, particularly in those cities which were situate in protective States before Federation, has been decreasing enormously. In all Australia it fell, in a single decade, from 38.95 to 19.15 per cent. In Victoria the increase was but 4.86 per cent., in New South Wales 20.30.

In fact, with all the desire in the world to take an optimistic view, and in spite of confidence that all will come right some day, because the resources of the country are inexhaustible, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is something rotten in the present state of Australia. What that something is shall be stated with the courage of conviction gained by conversation with leading men of many classes all through Australia. It has been stated already that the pageantry of royal processions and of courtly ceremonies taught nothing of the state of Australia, although it was a revelation of the patriotism of Australians. But the occasions were such that all that is best and most thoughtful and intelligent in Australia was brought together; and I had the privilege, at one time or another, of meeting on intimate terms practically all the leading men on both sides in politics, and, much more important, the men who eschewed politics altogether.

Amongst the latter I found a tone approaching to pessimism, the explanation of which was summed up in a thing said to me by an Australian pastoralist in England this summer, when I observed that I had met many Australian statesmen and politicians. "Then," said he, "you did not see the best side of Australians." He was bitter, but, from what I was able to learn, it seemed to me that there was reason for his bitterness. Politicians, as a class, are distrusted in Australia, perhaps because they are paid; a large section of the industrious part of the community, which is a very different thing from the industrial part of it, eschews politics altogether. The industrial section of the community, on the other hand, lives for politics and by them. The Labour party has the whip-hand in the Government, as of course it might have here; and it uses the whip without mercy to the community at large, thinking much of the immediate comfort of the working man and nothing of the future of Australia as a whole. To those who doubt this conclusion I would commend a study of Sir Donald Wallace's book. As a semi-official record of a Royal Tour it is clearly written with diplomatic tact, with the utmost care not to offend any sus-

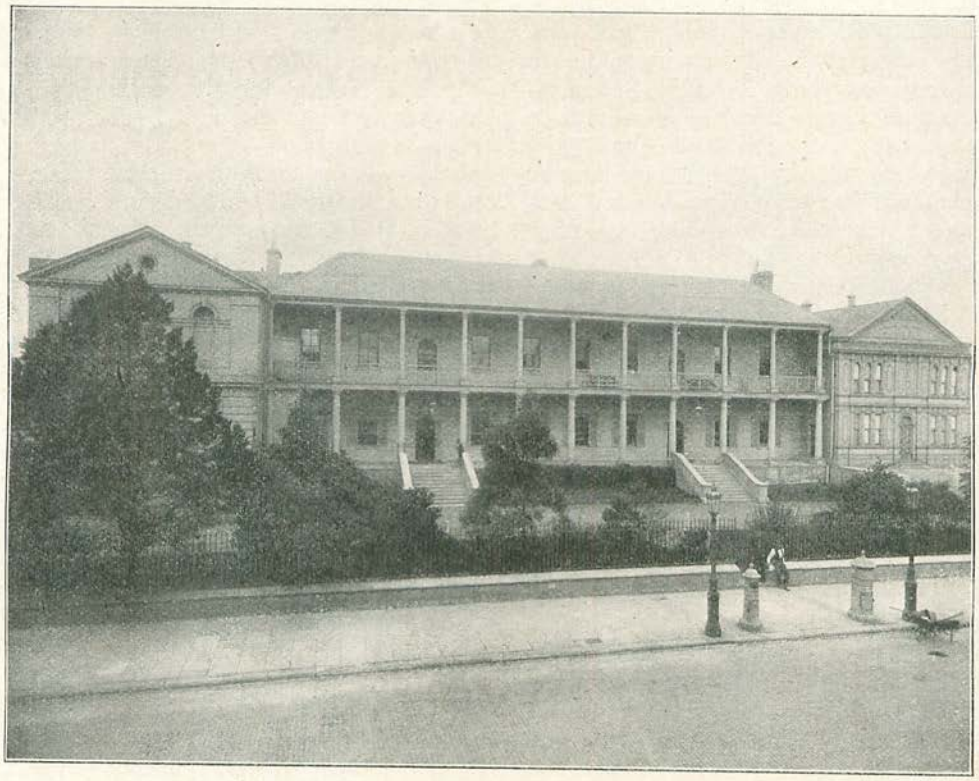
ceptibilities; but truth will out. It is obviously the judgment of Sir Donald Wallace, who is a thinker of great experience and caution, that the Labour party of Australia are thinking not of Australia but of themselves, not of the future but of the present. That is the basis of the statutory minimum wage which prevails, partially causing congestion in the towns; that is the explanation for the cry, now carried into law of gradual operation, for a White Australia. They desire to keep Australia as a comfortable "preserve" (Sir Donald Wallace's word), so to speak, for the white workman, a place in which, for the least possible exertion, he may secure the greatest possible results. For a while, no doubt, they will succeed, for the resources of the country are vast; but that is not the way to make Australia great. Their answer, if they were frank—and they would be quite likely so to be—would be that they care not a whit for national greatness. In fact, they are not the patriots; they are not the men who helped us in South Africa; our help came from the scattered populations of the country districts.

There is yet another danger, to Federation itself this time, which impressed itself deeply upon me in Queensland. It is that the Federal Government is, in some matters, very like the Colonial Office at home in the days of "government by the misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant." It was made perfectly clear to me, and the course of events now is proving, as fast as it can, that the passage into law of the White Australia Bill would ruin the sugar industry of Northern Queensland.



Government House, Sydney

It was also plain that Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, had left the sugar-planters under the impression that he would save them if he could. As a pure matter of fact he yielded to the Labour party; the Bill became a statute, in spite of petitions from Queensland that the Royal assent might be postponed until inquiry had been made; and there is no doubt whatsoever that the sugar industry will be ruined. White men simply cannot cut and trash cane in the tropics and live in a manner worthy of their colour. If they could do the work, they would certainly refuse to do it at prices leaving a profit to the producer. The result, therefore, to the sugar-plantations is as sure as death itself, in fact it is death; and Queensland is sore and angry. Indeed the whole community is aggrieved, and Queenslanders in general are affected, since the capital invested in sugar machinery and plant is, to a large extent, capital advanced by the Queensland Government under a special Act to that end. Exasperated Queensland says it was induced to support Federation by false pretences.



Parliament House, Sydney

The case really is very similar in surroundings to many an historic blunder by the Colonial Office. As for the Labour party, they neither know nor care anything about the Kanakas, although they are clever enough to make capital out of exaggerated accounts of their sufferings. For them the Act means exclusion of Chinese and Japanese, who will work. On the other hand, the mass of Australians know nothing, or next to nothing, about Queensland and the conditions of life in it; and the Federal Government, representing the Australian masses, is

fast ruining Queensland. Altogether, then, the immediate prospect is very far from being rosy, and in the case of Queensland there is no doubt that irreparable loss has been inflicted. But the economic errors of the Labour party generally in Australia will, after much tribulation, rectify themselves. It is possible to generalise wrongly in Political Economy, but its fundamental laws are as immutable as that of gravitation itself, and they reassert themselves. When, for example, a minimum wage for Government contracts (and therefore necessarily for other labour) was established in Victoria, it was not long before the Unions requested that the minimum might be abolished. They found, in sooth, that the employers could not afford to employ any but the very best workmen at the statutory rates. So the indifferent men went unemployed. *Ex uno disce omnes.* The mills of Economy grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small, and they will prevail some day or other to bring the Labour party to its senses. But the process will be long and costly.

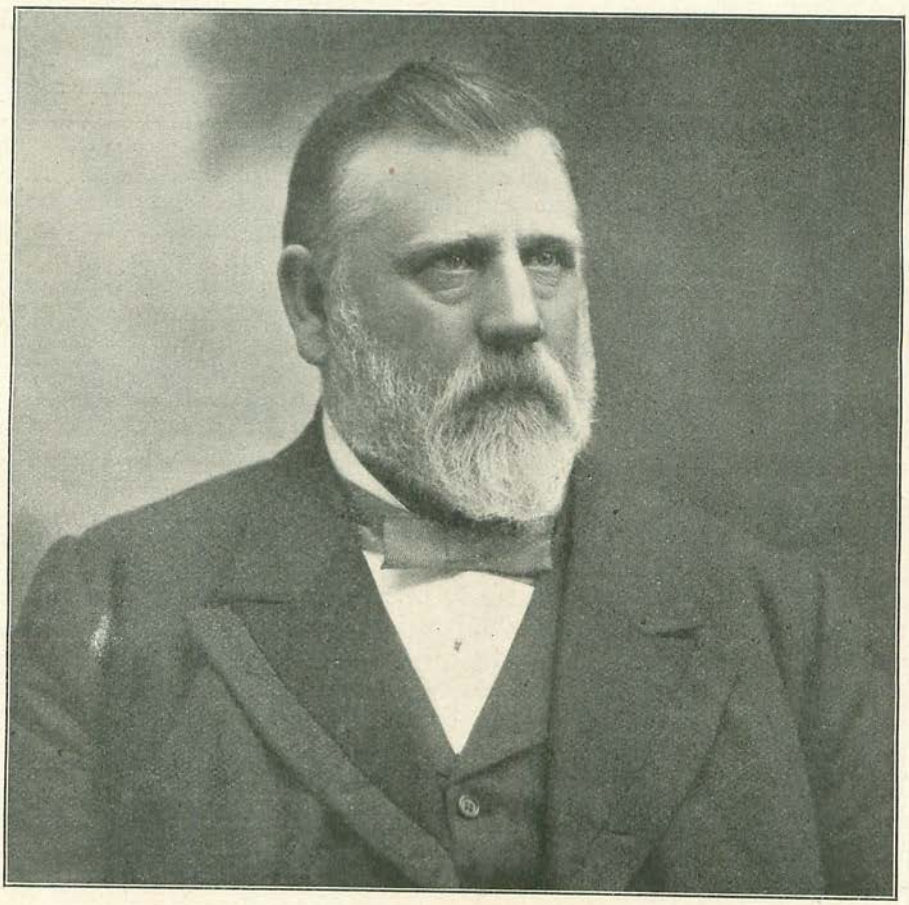
In Tasmania also some of the thoughtful people were inclined to be a trifle doubtful as to their prospects under Federation. It is a country of splendid resources, mineral and agricultural, but the population is very small, and the resources are not greatly developed. So the community, although it contains some rich men, is poor as a community. It is to be feared that its main grievance at the moment of my visit was one for which a good many excellent folks will refuse sympathy. It was simply that "Tattersall's" was threatened with extinction by the Federal Government. Now Tattersall's is, or was (unless it has found some way of postponing the evil day) simply a horse-racing lottery on a colossal scale. It has, or had, as I saw upon casual examination of the books, clients not merely in all parts of Australasia, but all over the world. Its machinery, manipulated under police supervision, in return for which a percentage of receipts went to the Tasmanian Treasury, was of unquestionable fairness. And it brought in over £20,000 a year to an impoverished treasury in a highly taxed country. Perhaps it was right that it should go; but the £20,000 a year will be sadly missed. And if it be true that men will gamble in spite of all restrictions, then it is at least arguable that it is better for the machinery of gambling to be honest, and for the profits of the bookmaker — for that is what it comes to—to go to the State, than that a class of professional bookmakers should be created, if not encouraged. Tariffs, too, seemed likely to hit Tasmania hard. But the loyalty of Tasmania to Federation, unlike that of Queenslanders, is almost as great as their loyalty to the Empire, and that is simply boundless. Out of a population of 182,000, Tasmania sent 600 officers and men to South Africa, and her sons can claim two Victoria Crosses earned during the war. A grand record is this, and the quality of the troops reviewed before the Prince of Wales was simply excellent. Also, to my thinking, the people seemed more English in their ways than in any other Australian State.

New Zealand

But New Zealand was more English, or more British—for the people of Dunedin, the Edinburgh of the south, are pure Scots—than Tasmania. It has kept aloof from Australian Federation, and perhaps the attitude has been wise. If the Federal Government cannot understand Queensland's needs, it would hardly have been likely to understand those of New Zealand; and as for Imperial loyalty, it cannot be said to exist in a more flourishing state anywhere, even at home, than in New Zealand. She kept on sending off contingents of her gallant sons one after the other in endless succession, and it seemed as if she were prepared to go on sending them off for ever. Yet there were enough of them left behind, or returned, to show, if the annals of the war had not made that manifest already, how splendid was the material.

Emphatically the New Zealanders are

a hard-fighting race; men who do not seek a fight, but, when a fight comes in their way, enjoy it to the full. Their skill in fighting, and their zest for it, may be traced in some measure to the difficulties which they had to encounter, and the foes whom they had to meet, in effecting the settlement of the islands. Elsewhere in Australasia the natives offered but a poor resistance to the white settler; but the Maori nation was, and it is pleasant to be able to add is, a race of real men, stalwart specimens of mankind, at its very best physically, whom it would be hard to match in any other part of the world.



(Falk, photo, Sydney)

Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand

The annals, perfectly true, it is believed, of the early Pakehas (white men who settled among the Maoris and lived their lives) are fascinating to read. Superstitious they were, devout believers in a ridiculous system of tabu (which they perhaps brought from their traditional home somewhere in the Pacific), and cruel cannibals. But they were, to put it in colloquial terms, the most sportsmanlike fighters the world has ever seen, and their intertribal battles—incessant because they were carried on for sheer love of sport—were conducted with as much etiquette as a mediæval tourney. There is an

authentic case on record in which, after the Pakehas had introduced muskets, a besieged party sent out a message to ask why the besiegers left them unmolested. The answer was that the besiegers had no ammunition. Thereupon, the besieged immediately divided their store into two equal portions, and sent one half of it to the enemy!

Such men naturally gave great trouble to the settlers; and two severe wars, the second of them as recent as 1861, had to be fought to the bitter end before they were subdued. Veterans from those wars, many of them the fathers of men who had fought or were then fighting in South Africa, were paraded before the Prince in every city, and to one group of them he made an extempore speech of startling eloquence and feeling, which was universally admired. But the best thing of all, due originally to the efforts of Sir George Grey, is that these veterans and their sons are living mainly with the Maoris. Thanks to Sir George Grey at the outset, and Mr. Seddon later, civilisation has not been the death warrant of the Maoris. After a period of decline, due to drink and disease, they are increasing in number, and many of them are useful members of the community. They hold property; they intermarry with whites; indeed, a certain Mrs. Donnelly, of whom the Princess of Wales saw a good deal, is a Maori Princess in her own right, and, if it be not presumptuous to say so, is as complete a lady as may be found in Great Britain.

But the old Adam, the love of fighting for its own sake, is in the Maori blood; and under military discipline, so far as military discipline can be said to prevail in the Colonies, they make splendid troops. Very bitterly disappointed were these strapping fellows that, because of their tinge of colour, they could not be taken to South Africa; and it is more than suspected that some of them found their way there as Europeans. The old Adam, too, showed himself in amusing but innocent fashion when 5000 Maoris gave an exhibition of their national dances and songs before the Prince and Princess at Rotorna, in the very heart of the land of geysers and volcanoes. The dances and the chanting were grand and sonorous; nothing described by Mr. Rider Haggard could have surpassed them. But the preliminaries were intensely amusing. Over and over again I saw a chief come on the ground in garb which would have passed muster on Sunday in a provincial town, save that he had a huia feather (the black and white feather which marks the chief) in the band of his silk hat, and a greenstone merè (a badge of office shaped like a ping-pong racket or a back-hair glass, and often very valuable as an heirloom) in his hand. Gradually the preparations would be too much for his equanimity. The hat would go first, then the coat and waistcoat, and then rapidly, in the place of the fashionably dressed man one had seen, would stand a stalwart Maori, bare-headed, bare-legged, stripped to waist, decorously clothed in a kilt of apteryx feathers and reeds most cunningly made. Sometimes he would have on his civilised trousers under the kilt, when the effect was excruciatingly funny. But the frenzy of the national celebration was on him, and when the hollow earth shook under the tramp of thousands of feet in unison, when the deep breath was expired with a hiss by thousands of warriors at the same moment, when the paddles flashed in the canoe dance, and the deep-throated chant of war or of welcome filled the air, no man could wonder that the pure Maori forgot all besides. Even Mr. Carroll, the native Minister, himself a Maori, was carried away by enthusiasm, stamping his feet and brandishing his merè, and when the Prince and Princess drove away, wearing huia feathers and Maori feather cloaks, the enthusiasm was immense.

I have lingered over these Maoris, partly because it is pleasant, partly because what I have to say about them is better worth reading, or at any rate more easy to read, than anything I could say of the New Zealand polity; but mainly because I desire to say no more than I can help about that polity. Truth to tell, it may

fairly be described as a most difficult and delicate subject. The community is young and democratic beyond the verge of Socialism ; but we are all Socialists, more or less, in these days, and our differences of opinion are settled by our views of the just limits of Socialism. Those limits are naturally wider in the case of a community which is new than in one like to our own, which has a long and complicated history. For example, the land system of New Zealand applied in Great Britain would be so flagrantly unjust as to be almost inconceivable ; but it does not follow that it may not be properly applicable to a new country. Again, the problem of old-age pensions at the public expense bears a very different complexion in a rich and thinly populated country from that which it must needs have here, where the poor, and the deserving poor too, are infinitely larger in number, proportionately to population, than they are in New Zealand. So, to pass to another point of more considerable importance, compulsory arbitration in labour disputes is not the same thing in an infant community, whose industries are trifling, as in the islands which, competition notwithstanding, still hold a proud place in the markets of the world. In the very nature of things a legislative mistake made in England is always irrevocable. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* must needs be the motto of British legislation, and the list of statutes repealed, not because they had become obsolete, but because they have worked positive mischief, is very short indeed.

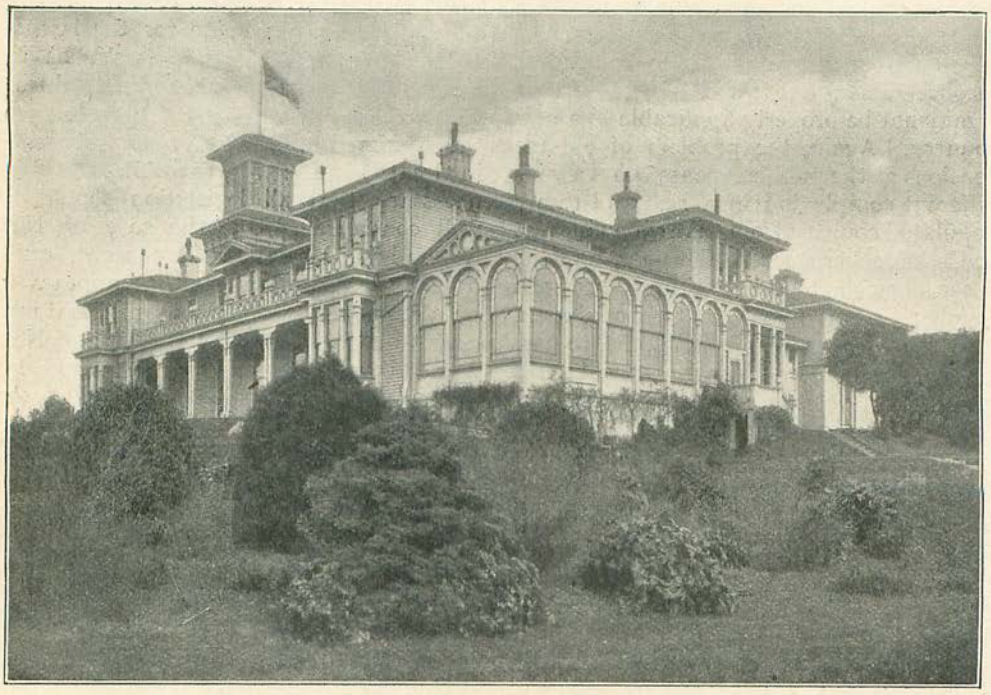
The meaning of these words might readily be illustrated by reference to a burning question, but it is better to explain them by mentioning a statute as to the ill effects of which there is general agreement. The principal Bills of Sale Act was passed with the distinct intention of protecting the helpless borrower against the extortionate money lender. It is, unfortunately, matter of common knowledge that its only effects were vastly to increase the rate of interest payable on money advanced on the security of bills of sale, and to divert a great deal of money into the pockets of lawyers small and great. The rates of interest were raised because the nature of the security was impaired ; the lawyers made money because the Act was exceptionally badly drafted. " If Parliament will enact nonsense," said that keen-witted and sharp-tongued Judge, the late Lord Esher, " Judges must decide nonsense." Yet the Bills of Sale Act, modified a little, has continued to work mischief ever since, and it has been as complete a gold mine for the lawyers as the Statute of Frauds itself, having regard to the number of years during which the two statutes have been in force.

Experimental legislation is impossible in Great Britain ; it is, therefore, the more necessary that all legislation should be well considered. But the case of New Zealand is, by universal consent, quite different. At any rate, that appears to be the ground upon which good-natured critics of the legislative tendency of New Zealand base their defence of it. If, for example, the Arbitration Act should prove to have worked well enough in prosperous times, but should be found unacceptable to the working class in a period of diminished trade, when wages must go down, Court or no Court, it could come to an end. If it be discovered, as some say that it has been, that the Act has discouraged and alienated capital, again the Act might be repealed. The community is small. The lowest standard of education and intelligence is distinctly higher than our lowest standard ; the statesman who came to the conclusion, for good reason, that the Act was working for evil and not for good, would have no difficulty in placing his argument before a people whom he could reach, and they would be able to appreciate its force. The experiment would then be abandoned as an admitted failure.

It must not, however, be inferred that all things go merrily as a marriage-bell in New Zealand, or that the whole community is absolutely contented that New Zealand should be the theatre of political experiment. At best it is a costly process, and the taxation per head is higher in New Zealand than it is here. Complaints and a

feeling of uneasiness for the future are heard by the traveller whenever the politician class is out of the way; and those at home, who keep up correspondence with friends in New Zealand, have doubtless found, as I have found, that this is very emphatically the case. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, intent, as he properly was, to see the bright side of things, observed and commented upon the existence of this feeling of uneasiness at Christ Church; and there one would naturally expect to find something approaching to hereditary Conservatism, for the second "Canterbury Pilgrims" went forth on an avowedly Church of England basis. But I found it elsewhere also strongly manifest, together with a frequent expression of opinion that the good folks at home do not, as a matter of fact, hear the inner truth of political life in New Zealand. Within limits that opinion is undoubtedly correct. Local correspondents of the British Press are necessarily subject to local influences. Special correspondents, who have not much time to spare, naturally make their inquiries first in official quarters and of leading politicians. Too often they neglect to make investigations elsewhere, and the result is a picture in words of New Zealand in which the shadows are omitted.

In quiet conversation with intelligent and cultivated men who, in New Zealand as in Australia, are apt to hold themselves aloof from a political arena from which noise and vulgarity are not absent, I have found a feeling of doubt and distrust. They doubt whether the finances of the colony are sound; they distrust some, if not all of the politicians who administer them. The argument on the first point is too long to be considered fully here. On the one side is the vast and but partially developed wealth of the colony, which, in addition to mineral riches, has an almost ideal climate; on the other side is a public expenditure, partly upon productive enterprise, which is very large in proportion to population.



Government House, Wellington, New Zealand

It is not for me to strike the balance between the two; although I may perhaps permit myself to say that, on the whole, and considering the potentialities of the country, there is not much cause for alarm. But the distrust of politicians themselves is another and a very serious matter. It would be an error in such an article as this to go into details and to mention names; it is enough to say that accusations of jobbery, which are easily made, are rampant, and that the official records of the colony abundantly prove laxity, to put it mildly, in dealing with public money. They prove also that such laxity, when detected and exposed, has been allowed to go unpunished. The discovery of this fact, concerning which there is no room at all for doubt, at first caused me more than considerable uneasiness. But reflection dispelled some of it; and later exchange of opinions with men older and wiser than myself has left me comparatively happy as to the future of New Zealand.

It may be perhaps admissible to illustrate the present meaning by an anecdote. Once, at a large dinner-party, discussion turned upon the question whether Welsh witnesses were or were not more addicted than others to the inconvenient practice of perjury; whereupon one who knew them well explained that Welshmen were not worse than the rest of mankind; "but," he added, "they have not the same exaggerated regard for truth as Englishmen have." The underlying truth of that saying is distinctly applicable to politics. We believe, probably rightly, that our politicians as a body are honest, and a terrible hubbub is raised if there is the faintest suspicion of an approach to corruption in things political. But it is certain that our politicians are more honest than those of any other country, and it is at least equally certain that some other countries, notably the United States, by no means fall behind in the world's race, in spite of the fact that their political atmosphere is very far from purity.

The fact of the matter is, that impurity in the political atmosphere, with its necessary corollary of not entirely undeserved contempt for the class of professional politicians, while it may sometimes be found in ancient communities, is almost always to be found in those which are young. It is existent in the United States, in Australia, in New Zealand, but not, so far as I know, in Canada. But Canada may almost boast ancient history. It is due to the non-existence in such states of the class of men who set the standard of political life in Great Britain. They are the priceless heritage of ages of national life, men serenely above temptation or suspicion. It would be impossible to think of any but the best motives (curiously expressed sometimes, it may be) in connection with a Salisbury, a Rosebery, a Balfour, a Harcourt, a Gladstone—one might go on for ever. But such a class must necessarily be the product of time. In the meanwhile it is consoling to remember that the rough school and distinctly less pure atmosphere of the politics of young communities is by no means inseparable from the prosperity of the mass of the people, and certainly in no way hostile to the presence of ardent patriotism.

Ardently patriotic all the Colonies are; careful also that the rising generation, for the education of which better measures are taken than have been found possible here hitherto, shall be trained in the patriotic spirit. Herein, in the care given to education, lies the best guarantee of the future of the Colonies and of the Empire. This is, perhaps, the most opportune moment at which to say that, amongst all the sights which moved the heart of an Englishman throughout Australasia, there was none so striking as that of the happy, healthy, well-educated and well-dressed children, boys and girls, of the "public schools." In this respect, at least, the Colonies are well ahead of the Mother Country; and their cadet system, by which all the boys of the public schools are trained to discipline and to the handling of arms, is of treble value. First, it improves the physique of the lads, it keeps them out of mischief, it teaches them to obey. Also it deserves to be taken into

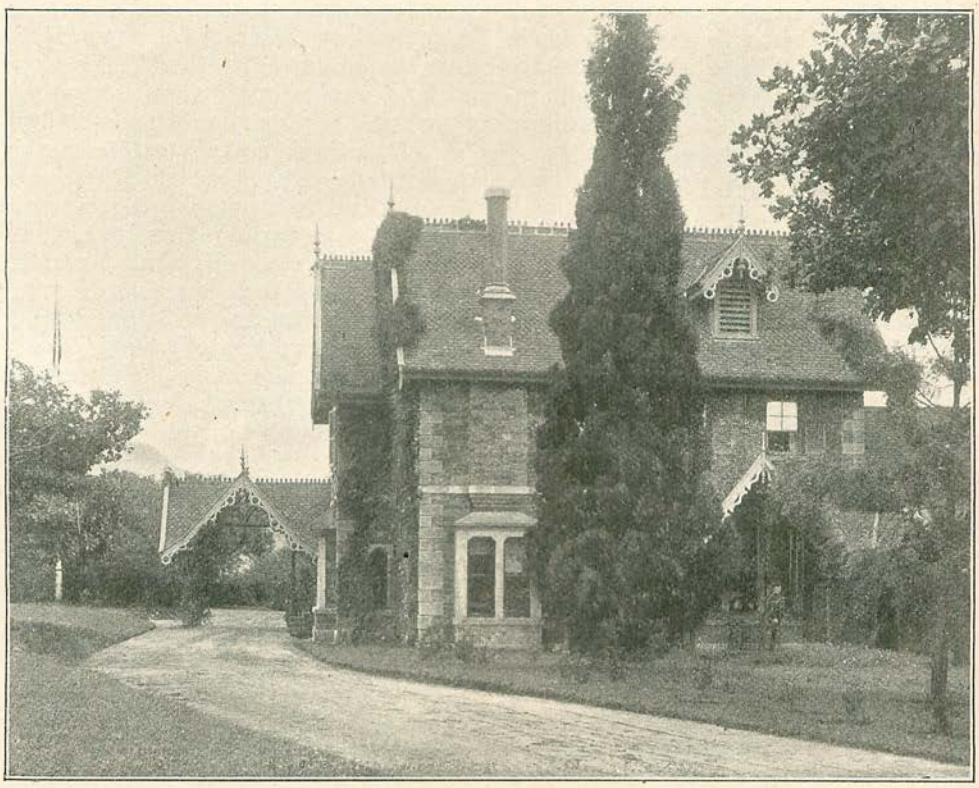
account by all those who are prone to say that the contributions of the Colonies towards Imperial Defence are not commensurate to the privilege which they gain, by membership of the British Empire, of commerce absolutely protected. At any rate, they train their sons to be good men of their hands, and a virile force in reserve, and those sons have given abundant proof of late that they are not chary in shedding their blood.

South Africa

Very few indeed shall be the words devoted to this subject, since it is very much in the position of a *cause célèbre* in course of trial before a judge and jury, comment upon which is very rightly regarded as contempt of court. It is true, of course, that there is no judge who could direct the commit al of the editor or of me for comment upon the present state of South Africa. But there is such a thing as p oper feeling; and that feeling suggests that, in the absence of special knowledge and information, it would not be the right thing to write at large about the present state of affairs in South Africa. As to the past there need not be, and there has been no hesitation in speaking, because there is no fear of hurting the feelings of living men, or of wounding the sensibilities of those who cherish the memory of statesmen who have passed away. It is admitted on all hands that the war now happily over, whether "just and necessary" (to quote Sir William Molesworth's touchstone) or no, was the direct consequence of such vacillation in the past as would be incredible and inconceivable if it were not matter of history. It was the long-delayed fruit of "government by the misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant." It would never have come to pass if, to single out two advisers on the spot only, dashing Sir Harry Smith and resolute, far-seeing Sir Bartle Frere had received the attention which they deserved. For the future it is at least permissible to hope and even to be confident. There could be no surer sign of the doom of the bad old policy of the Colonial Office than Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa; there could be no more distinct expression of the feeling of the British public at home and in the Empire beyond the seas, than was given in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's recent speech. The bad old times, the days of vacillation and opportunism, are gone, never to return. Nobody accuses the principal vacillators, living or dead, and to be found on both sides of politics (it may have been forgotten that Sir Michael Hicks Beach was a stumbling-block to Bartle Frere), of want of *bona fides*. Everybody admits errors in the past, blunders which did much to justify our late enemies, now our fellow-subjects. But no sane man suggests that we can take our hands from the plough now without incurring, and deserving most richly, the Scriptural curse. Any such suggestion, made by a responsible person, would raise an indignant protest from end to end of the Empire, let us say from Vancouver to Dunedin, or from Dunedin to Vancouver, taking the longer route in both cases. The cry of indignation would be flashed round the world as fast, perhaps, as Sir Sandford Fleming's famous cablegram of this autumn, on an exclusively British series of cables; and in that case the disgrace of Great Britain would be known in all the centres of British civilisation inside eleven hours. But it is not necessary to contemplate such a prospect; it is impossible, inconceivable, before the day upon which it could be written of the British Empire, as it was of the great Empire of Rome, *Actum est.*

Yet, in a literal sense, we shall take our hands from the plough in South Africa; for, to continue the metaphor, we have ploughed the ground. It remains to harrow it, to seed it with equal laws, to tend the crop with wise administration, and to harvest it year by year; and the husbandman who has been chosen to superintend the process is a master of his craft. Lord Milner is, all who know him protest it, and his public history proves it, a man in a thousand. Brilliant in ability, resolute of purpose, liberal in opinion, tolerant and considerate in habit of thought and in

manner, he is exactly the man for a situation confessedly difficult. There need be no doubt that he will win through, because he will apply to all South Africa, as soon as South Africa is fit for the process, the undying principles of the British Constitution. Those principles are equal laws, and, so far as may be, equal opportunities, for all men. Will it be a long time or a short before the Dutch in South Africa unite in perceiving, as some of them do now, the definite advantages of British citizenship as compared with those which any other nation can offer? That is more than man may foretell with certainty; but the glorious history of Canada is an object lesson of what British administration can do to reconcile warring elements; and it is a lesson full of hope.



(Wilson, photo, Aberdeen)

Government House, Pietermaritzburg, Natal

Canada

This, the last territorial division of a subject which is great, however unworthy the treatment of it, cannot be attacked without a few figures. Canada contained in 1891 921,643 families of an average size of 5.3 members—a point of view which is worth considering when some facts about Australia are borne in mind; and those families were divided into 2,460,471 males and 2,372,768 females. It has, of course, a larger population now, but the latest record at hand, issued by the Statistics Division of the Department of Agriculture in 1901, will serve quite well for the present purpose. Canada contained, according to that return, and no doubt still contains, 3,653,946 square miles, including 605,235 square miles of water. Seeing that

Canada's potential wealth is incalculable, it is obvious that, like South Africa, it needs more women; that, like Australia, it needs a great many more men; and that those who try their fortune there have every chance of doing well for themselves. So far as I am able to form a judgment, no part of the Empire offers so grand an opportunity to the man of thews and sinews, with or without capital, or to the man of brains. Indeed, before getting to my main subject, the value of Canada as a part of the Empire, it may be well to give a single example of the openings which Canada offers to this undoubtedly congested country.

The scene was a wayside station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a little island of human habitation called Poplar End, in the middle of the wheat-growing prairie. The Duke of Cornwall was away shooting ducks—a grand bag he made, by the way, during this brief holiday from ceremony—but the Duchess, and divers members of the suite, stopped for an hour or two, by arrangement, to see something of the methods of Canadian agriculture. With them it is not to the present purpose to be deeply concerned. In some respects they contain lessons to the British farmer, but not in all, for Canadian treatment of straw in the process of threshing, albeit not wasteful in Canada, would spell ruin at once for the British farmer. It was the human element in the scene which gave to it a special interest. The farmer had been an elementary schoolmaster in the Isle of Wight, with a growing family of boys. He had taken fortune in his own hands, and had settled in Manitoba with his family, with a nest-egg of £500. He had taken up a small section first, sending his boys out to work with, and to learn their trade of, neighbouring farmers. In the course of eleven years he had worked hard, had taken up more and more land as the law permitted, had built a good house and buildings for his horses, and he was worth, at a moderate computation, £5000. Finally, both he and his sons looked as healthy, although somewhat lean, and as happy, as it was possible for men to be; and he confessed that the fascination of the prairie was on him, and that, though he would well like to see England again, he would not care to be away from the prairie for good.

That is one kind of opening that Canada can offer; but it is only one out of many. To engineer, civil or mining, architect, doctor, mechanic, labourer, miner—in a word, to every productive or necessary member of the human race—she offers countless and boundless opportunities. But the example has been selected not without an indirect reason, because it brings in the Canadian Pacific Railway. It will have been noticed that, in speaking of Australia, it has been almost suggested that Federation is not, as yet at any rate, a complete, unquestioned, and indisputable success. The reason is that Australians as a rule know their own states in Australia, but do not know the other states; and the explanation of that is want of adequate communications. For example, the West Australian who would fain know Queensland must take ship either from Fremantle or Albany, and round the Leeuwin, the home of storms. Then he can either land at Melbourne and take a very long railway journey, or at Sydney and take a shorter one, or go right on to the port near Brisbane. But at present he cannot escape from his own state by rail, and the land journey by other means is impossible save for an expert explorer. In Canada the case is different, for communications are infinitely better; and I do not think it is putting things too strongly to say that the complete and absolute success of Federation in Canada is due mainly to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that in its turn is due principally to that grand and courageous Scotchman, Lord Strathcona. The Canadian Pacific Railway, the C.P.R. as it is familiarly called, has been the making of Canada and of Canadian unity. There is no desire to undervalue the work done by the other railways, but in the blessed work of unification the C.P.R. stands head and shoulders and more above all the rest; for it is, as Sir Donald Wallace has well said, "one of the greatest railway enterprises in the world."

Parliament House and Table Mountain, Cape Town

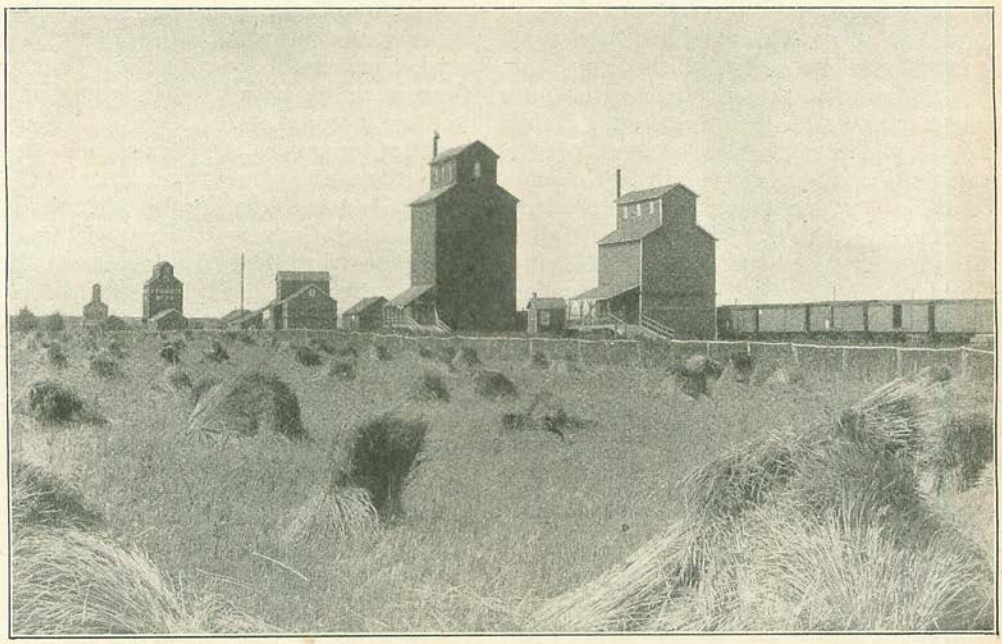
It has served to unite the world's two largest oceans, or, to speak equally accurately and more pointedly, to weld together the peoples who inhabit, all too sparsely, the huge tracts of land between those two oceans.

There are not wanting those who complain that the founders of the C.P.R. made too good a bargain with the Canadian Government of the day, and it is true that the founders of the C.P.R. are now men of great wealth, that the blocks of land assigned to the railway have appreciated enormously in value, that the stock usually stands at a figure which appears ridiculous to operators accustomed to regard the ordinary stock of American railways as no better than gambling counters of changeable value. By those who make such complaint blame is cast, not on the founders of the railway, for that would be too unreasonable a view even for a critic in the public press, but upon the Government of the day. These persons may be recommended to study the recent "Life of Lord Strathcona," which, imperfect as it is (for it was obviously written against his wishes), gives a dramatic and almost pathetic picture of the desperate straits to which Lord Strathcona and his associates were driven to obtain money to complete the enterprise, of the courageous confidence in the future of the scheme which impelled Lord Strathcona to pledge his personal credit and use every exertion to obtain the sinews of war. He was playing

(Park & Co., photo, Brantford, Canada)

Sir W. Laurier, Dominion Premier

for a big stake, and those who know him are well aware that it was not a stake in money alone. In the case of the Canadian Pacific, as in his earlier negotiations with the directors of the Hudson Bay Company in London, and in connection with the Riel Rebellion, Lord Strathcona had always steadfastly in view the welfare of his adopted country. Judged by results, he is emphatically the greatest man, living or dead, in Canadian history; and he has earned his reward honestly. It would be a poor generation in point of spirit that should grudge it to him.



Canadian Harvest-field, showing Elevators

Nor, really, can the bargain between the railway owners and the State be regarded as unfair from any point of view. Vast areas of the land through which it passes possessed, before it was constructed, no value at all, or, to quote an old-time phrase of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, only prairie value, which was much the same thing. The blocks belonging to the C.P.R. have gone up hugely in value, but it is value created by the C.P.R. On the other hand, the State has obtained, in return for land which was worth nothing, and for a comparatively small sum of money, an estate already worth a great deal, and sure to be worth more and more as years roll by. Also it has a main artery up and down which the life-blood of Canadian unity courses without ceasing. That process the eye cannot see, but the imagination can picture it without difficulty. But the eye can see, particularly in the wheat-plains, a sight which speaks for itself to any intelligent mind, compelling realisation of the plain truth that Canada is capable of becoming the granary of the Empire, compelling also the fear that it will soon be quite idle for the British farmer to hope to grow wheat at a profit.

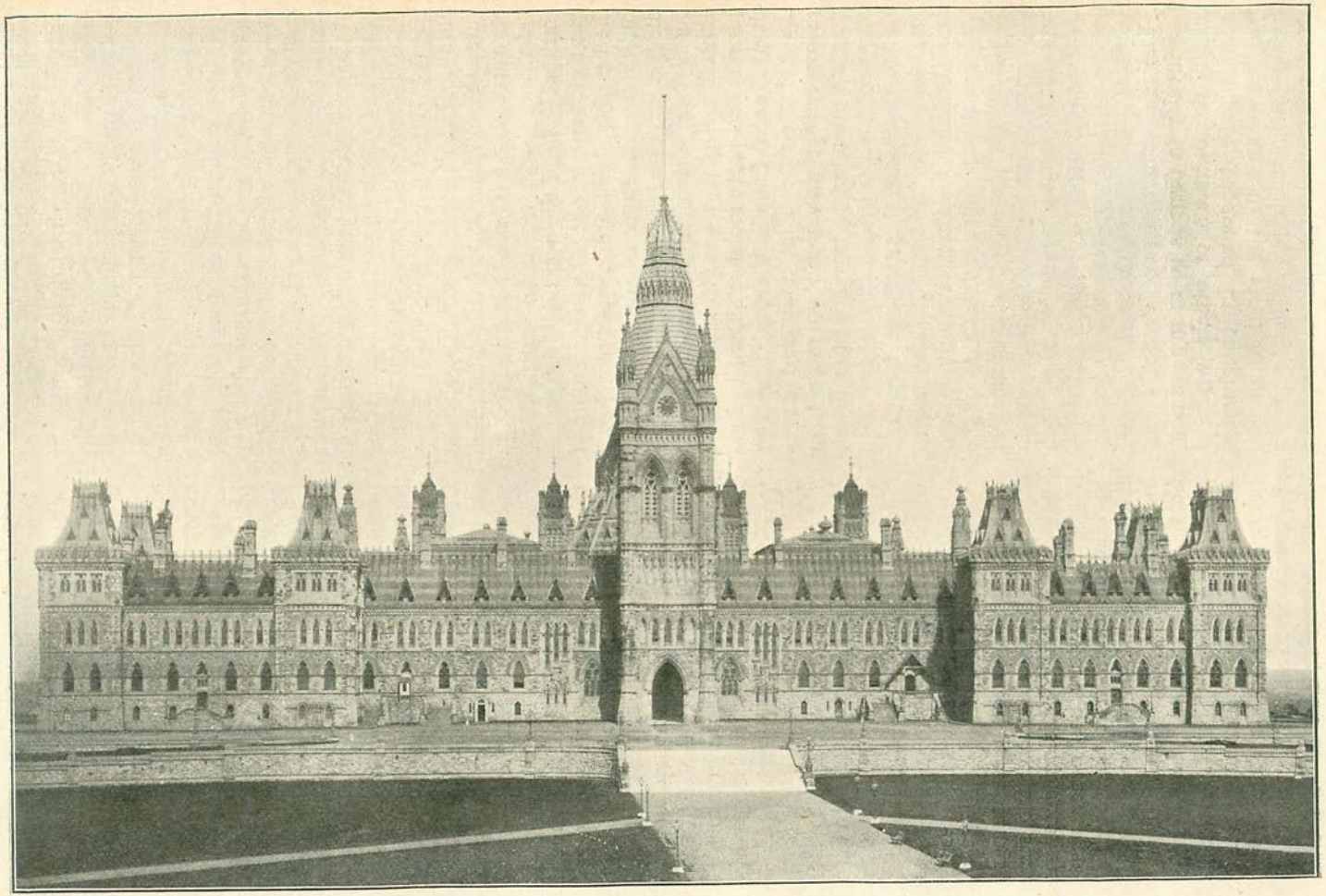
Through the very heart of the boundless plain, like a mighty river, runs the railway. I passed along it myself between miles and miles of stubble, and corn standing on the stooks, with here a wheat-grower's homestead in view, and there threshing operations going on in close proximity to the rails. Of elevators, of all the machinery for economical loading, there was

abundant equipment ; and now and again would come into sight a line of rails entering the main line from north or south, as the case might be. The main river had its tributary streams, all carefully contrived to feed it, and to bring to it that burden of golden corn which it would carry away to the ships of either ocean. The sight was stupendous, imposing, and, except from the point of view of British agriculture, gratifying in the highest degree.

The C.P.R. and the other railways have, in a word, completed the work carried out gradually by the legislation which followed upon Lord Durham's Report ; after its author, suffering almost the usual fate of those who have served us faithfully and strongly in the Colonies, had died broken-hearted and disgraced. That calamity happened in 1840. In 1841, the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had their first united Government under a Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly consisting of 124 members, 42 for each province elected by the people, and 20 for each province nominated by the Crown. In 1848, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, still separate from Canada, obtained responsible governments from the Imperial Parliament. In 1851, the Provincial Governments obtained control of their own postal arrangements, and responsible government was granted to Prince Edward Island. In 1856, the Legislative Council of Canada became elective, and the Legislature of Vancouver met for the first time. In 1858, Ottawa was made the capital ; and in 1860, the present king, then Prince of Wales, gave a fillip to Canadian loyalty by his historic visit to Canada. He arrived just when things were beginning to move ahead fast. In 1862, with the Charlotte-town Conference, the movement towards the confederation of British North America began to take open form ; and in 1864, at Quebec, resolutions for confederation were passed. Two years later Nova Scotia and New Brunswick accepted confederation ; and in 1867, by the British North American Act, the Dominion of Canada was established, Upper and Lower Canada becoming Ontario and Quebec respectively. In the same year, Lord Monck being the first Governor-General of the Dominion, and Sir John Macdonald the first Premier, the first of the Dominion Parliaments was held at Ottawa. In 1868 the North-West Territories were acquired. In 1871, British Columbia was admitted to Federation. In 1872, the Dominion welcomed a great Governor-General in Lord Dufferin ; and in 1880, by Imperial Order in Council, all British possessions on the North American Continent, except Newfoundland, were annexed to Canada. Thus was Canada, as we now know it, rounded off and made complete.

What manner of people are these Canadians, and what is the nature of their feeling towards the British Throne and the Mother Country ? They are British Canadians and French Canadians, both loyal, but each loyal in different ways ; and since nothing is to be gained, save the ridicule of those who know, by overstating a case, let it be said at once that the loyalty of the British Canadian is passionate, while that of the French Canadian is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, distinctly dispassionate. There are exceptions of course, notably that of the silver-tongued orator Sir Wilfred Laurier, who is a Canadian patriot first and a Frenchman afterwards. But, delicate as is the question of the quality of the loyalty of the average French Canadian, it must be discussed in the interests of truth ; and the conclusion reached, after investigation and inquiry, is, that it is loyalty without passion, or overmuch affection, founded upon nothing more sentimental than enlightened self-interest. It may be none the less valuable and lasting for that reason, although it may not be so attractive as that of the British Canadian ; and it is necessary to speak candidly in this connection, because, prudently perhaps, a good deal that happened in Canada touching the recruiting of French Canadians for the South African War was kept back from the knowledge of the public at home.

The Archbishop of Quebec, representing adequately, no doubt, the feelings of the



Parliament House, Ottawa

better class French Canadians, said to his Royal Highness last year: "It would be difficult at the present time to contest the loyalty of the French Canadian people. Recent events have offered our fellow-countrymen an opportunity of proving it. The dangers that have been faced, the blood that has been shed, and the lives that have been sacrificed, are proofs more eloquent than words, and their sincerity cannot be questioned." Unfortunately, in spite of what the French Canadians did for us during the war, and of those services of their forefathers to which the Prince of Wales paid an appropriate tribute, these words of the Archbishop must be questioned a *little*. There is no sort of use in living in a fool's paradise, especially when a paradise sufficient for a wise man is in easy access. It is true that some French Canadians fought for us in South Africa, and that some of the best blood of Quebec was shed for our sake; but much more of the best blood of Ontario was poured out, and there is no longer any need to conceal the fact, notorious in Canada, that recruiting among the French Canadians was difficult, and that it was attended by some disorder and petty violence shown by low-class French Canadian crowds towards the volunteers. That may not argue disloyalty; it may mean no more than ignorant prejudice in favour of the Boers, or against the British, among the low-class French Canadians; but it certainly does not argue that passionate loyalty which made British Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders rally to the cause of the Mother Country eagerly, in great numbers, and without question. To put French Canadian loyalty upon an equality with the British Canadian feeling is an injustice which is bitterly resented by British Canadians, who know the truth.

The real explanation of French Canadian loyalty in Canada is, in my opinion, and in the opinions of others whom I consulted, to be found in enlightened self-interest and in the strength of the Roman Catholic Church, which enjoys a stronger position and more privileges in Canada than in any other country that I know. But, lest there should be an error on that point, be it sufficient to say that the Roman Catholic Church is better off in Canada, under Canadian rule and ours, than it possibly could be under that of France or of the United States. Now in Canada they have a religious census, and that showed the Roman Catholics to be in 1891 no less than 41.21 per cent. of the entire population, or 1,992,017 souls. The Roman Catholic Church, then, has a great stake in Canada, and it would certainly lose a large part of it, from a worldly point of view, if Canada passed under the control of any other power than Great Britain. It is therefore clearly to the interest of the Roman Catholic Church to maintain the British supremacy in Canada, and it may well do so by demonstrating the proposition that the people, no less than the Church, are better off in the British Empire than they could be in any other circumstances. The proposition has the merit of being not only true, but also self-evident and unanswerable. There is no real and absolute freedom save under the British Flag, least of all in Republican France.

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

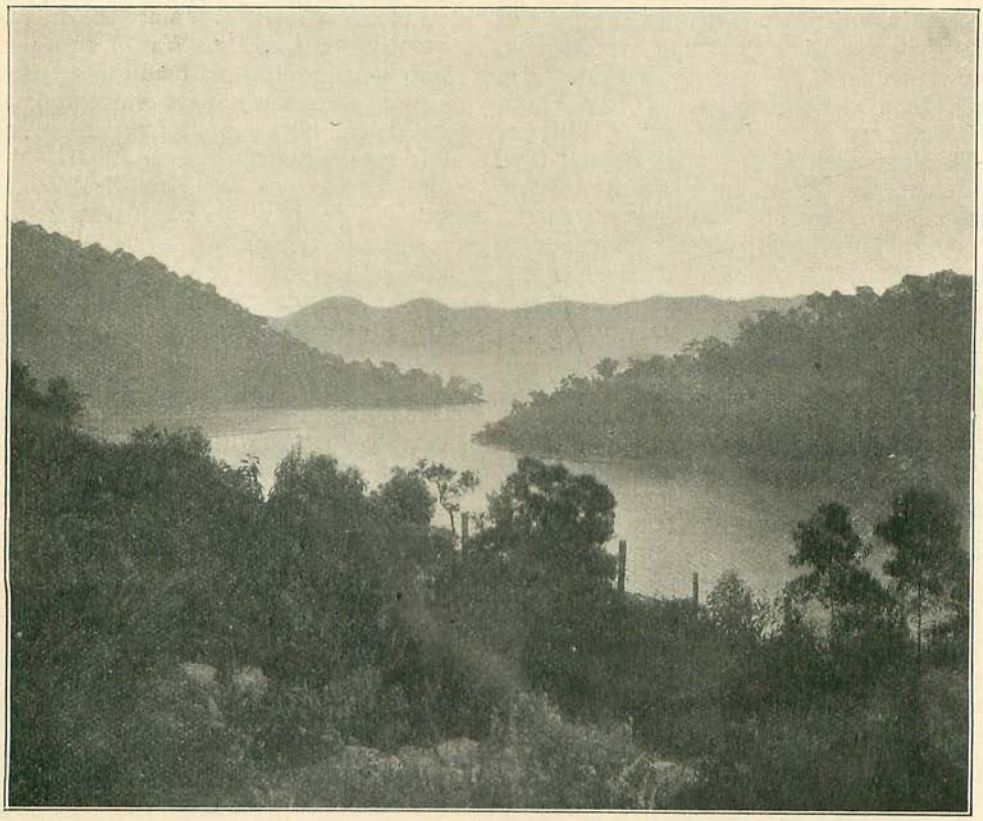
Looking back, then, on that which has been written, reflecting upon much more that might have been written, gazing at the vast area of the dry land of the globe which is coloured red upon the maps, the first feeling of a British citizen is rightly one of pride. Upon it follows a quiet curiosity to learn how these things have been done, to understand the secret of such success in colonising enterprise as the world's history has never seen save in this one case. Yet the secret is not hard to read. Even in the worst days of government by the Colonial Office three abiding principles have guided the action of the British officers, military and civil, who have made the Empire for us; have made it, sometimes, in face of positive discouragement from headquarters. They are the principles of Tolerance, Firmness, and Fairness; and of the three none is

more or less important than another. Alike in India, in the Malay Peninsula, in Maori-land, in Ceylon, in Canada and elsewhere, a race, composed for the most part of Protestant Christians, has shown a remarkable toleration and respect for the *bona fide* religious feelings of other races. That has been, perhaps, because the most terrible periods of our domestic history compelled us to recognise, earlier than other races, the endless potentiality of intolerance for mischief. Natives of a land where the Courts recognise well-established custom as equal in force to law itself, our officers have found it more easy to recognise custom than have the officers of countries in which the law is entirely codified. That, undoubtedly, has been of the greatest assistance to us in India, where custom rules the lives of the people. A Frenchman who should be an Indian Civil servant, if France had an Indian Empire, would have been brought up to the unelastic rigidity of the Napoleonic Code. The British Civil servant has grown up in an atmosphere of custom, and he has learned in his English law books, before going out to India, that " as a custom is local law, it cannot be got rid of except by statute." That training and this knowledge are of priceless value to the man who starts upon the work of administration in a new country.

Next in order come Fairness and Firmness. A real Prince of Commerce, one who, in the course of a long life as an employer of labour, had won a vast fortune and the respect of his workmen and fellow-employers alike, once told me that these words had been the guiding principles of his life. They have, on the whole, been the guiding principles also of the servants of the Crown in India and the Colonies. Equal justice for all men, white and coloured, applied with unswerving strength, have always been to be reckoned upon in the British Empire. Sometimes, indeed, firmness on the spot has been resented and misunderstood by the authorities at home; and in our desire to be perfectly fair to natives we have, as a nation, been cruelly unjust to faithful servants of the Crown. Ghosts rise up in great numbers from the pages of Indian and Colonial history to accuse us of that ingratitude, foremost among them being those of Warren Hastings, Impey, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere. But of systematic oppression of natives by British officers the instances are few, and of such oppression, detected and unpunished, there is no record. On the contrary, of men of British birth who have suffered, not unjustly be it hoped, the extreme penalty of the law for ill-treatment of natives, the list is very long. Natives, therefore, have nothing to fear from us; they soon learn that they have much to gain. In the Colonies peopled mainly or partly by men and women of our own blood we have, ever since the dreadful lesson of the American War of Independence, been prompt and ready in granting, as soon as circumstances warranted, the inestimable blessings of free institutions and representative government. Nay, more, in the case of New Zealand, for example, we have been content to look on with quiet confidence while Democracy has gone to greater lengths than we have much more than dreamed of. Yet nowhere was the Heir Apparent to the Throne which has been well described as " the symbol of ordered liberty " received better than in New Zealand. Ordered liberty, with the Crown for its symbol—that is a perfect summary of the meaning of the British Empire, a complete explanation of its greatness. May that greatness continue; and may those who participate in it also be worthy of it!

One word more and I have done. Some thoughtful persons looked forward with an approach to anxiety to the conference between Colonial Ministers and Mr. Chamberlain which was announced for the days following upon the proposed date of the Coronation. Their uneasiness was pardonable because they did not know, as others did, the course which discussion was likely to take, and they feared that they might see some formal scheme for the Federation of the Empire which would not work well.

In fact, until considerably greater progress than at present has been made towards the annihilation of distance, formal Federation is impossible and impracticable. Even then the distribution of power would be a matter of considerable difficulty, to say the least of it. Nor, probably, is definite Federation and a formal Imperial Constitution a thing to be desired. But it was plain from Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's book, written after he had met intimately all the leading statesmen of the Colonies, and from a well-considered article in the *Quarterly Review*, that there was no such danger; and it became plainer still when it was seen that the Conference merely amounted to an informal exchange of views from which that estimable person, the newspaper reporter, was excluded. Interchange of views could never do any harm, might often do good. Formal Federation, in the present state of communications at any rate, could hardly fail to work mischief and to create inter-colonial jealousies. Our present Union with the Colonies, like the world before creation, is without form; but it is by no means void. It has, indeed, in these latter years produced fruit at which the universe has marvelled. Let us leave the rest to Time, and, be it added in all humility, to God.



Australian Lake Scenery